

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



The Man Who Wouldn't
Stay Dead---Earl Grey



The Lonesome Factory on
Hudson's Bay



Holland from an Angle

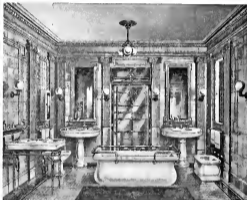


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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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No 7

The Lonesome Factory on Hudson's Bay

By

J. B. Tyrrell

and James Grant

ALMOST any Hudson's Bay post is a poor place to find company—unless it be the company of your own thoughts. But the Post at Fort Churchill is just a few degrees more unhappy, in this regard, than any other.

Scattered over thousands of miles of Canadian wilderness lie these grey, weather-beaten houses, some more pretentious than others, where a lone man, with a white wife, perhaps, or native wife, carries on trade with the Indians in the territory round about. Each of them is sufficiently removed from the outside world, although some have a rival of the Revillon Freres nearby, for company; some have Indians close in around them; some are on the trails used by engineers, surveyors, or geologists inland bound; and some are even within a few days of the railways. But others have no mitigating circumstances, and of these is Fort Churchill.

It lies on the West coast of Hudson's Bay, as far north of the City of Toronto as Toronto is north of New Orleans. The settlement, as I knew it eighteen years ago and as it remains with only a few changes, consists of twenty-five half-breeds

the factor and his family, the missionary and his family, and the dogs. It lies on a little ledge of arid ground on the edge of the Churchill river just near where the river, having widened into a great lagoon, flows into Hudson's Bay. The lagoon and the Bay lie in front of the post. Behind it is a ridge of rock, perhaps a hundred feet high, over which, in winter, the snow drifts until it buries the post above the eaves of its ugly buildings. It is not even in a wooded country, where the forest might lend a little interest to life by its presence there, or out of which might come animals or Indians that might create some diversion, that might even offer to destroy the post and so confer a little excitement. No such good fortune. For hundreds of miles round about is a swampy country dotted at intervals with a few trees that maintain a difficult footing in the uncertain soil. The Indians that come to trade, are from, perhaps three hundred miles inland. They come but twice a year. The Esquimaux arrive from up the coast towards the Northern lights. Once a year—in August it used to be, and it may be yet, for all I know—the Company's ship pays its visit,



“PORTRAIT” BY J. B. TYRRELL

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renews the stores, takes off the furs and carries back the report of the Factor and perhaps a letter or two from the factor's wife and the missionary's wife, to the people "at home." Once or twice a year there is a coasting trip up the shore among the Esquimaux. On Sundays and holidays the missionary in the Anglican Church prays for the King and the Queen and such as are in peril on the sea, but the most sincere part of the prayer is the simple little line about Daily Bread. Because Daily Bread in Churchill is not always a certainty for the half-breed congregation and it is just as well, when praying, to ask for it anyway.

It is eighteen years since first I was there. Mister Hawes was the trader then and Bishop Lofthouse, who is now at Kenosha, was the "Church Missionary Society" missionary in the place. Lofthouse was just a plain ordinary variety of hero, by which I mean that he did nothing sensational such as is now-a-days called heroism, but he LIVED for about fifteen years in that forsaken country because he believed it was his duty—it must have required a large faith in his duty. With him, lived his wife, just as heroic, who helped him in everything, from the

preaching to working in the garden to make the turnips grow, turnips being the only thing that they could raise in that soil.

But Mister Hawes was a different man. He is dead now and it will make no difference if I speak of him. Not that he ever did anything that was discreditable, nor that he ever said anything that he should not have said. But the Hudson's Bay Company does not like traders that talk too much—nor does any good employer for that matter, I suppose—and it might not have approved Hawes, were he alive, in saying what he said.

He was a quiet little man who could smoke for hours at a time without speaking. He had been a sea-captain in the Company's service and had learned the art of saying nothing in the course of sailing vessels in and out of the Hudson's Bay. But it was more than mere quietness that possessed Hawes. There was a tinge of melancholy in it.

I began to think that the half-breeds had something to do with it. I dropped a piece of bacon on the "street" one day, just outside the general trading store. It was just a little piece but you would never have forgotten it had you been the one

that dropped it. It was pounced upon before it touched the ground, not by dogs but by three half-breed boys who had been watching me with terrible patience.

That night I talked to Hawes. His young wife was putting the children to bed, and singing a hymn about "Shall we gather at the river." Old Hawes was in one of his moods and I knew that the hymn was worrying him.

"It must be a big responsibility to see that not only the men you employ get food enough, but that their wives and children are fed, too," I said.

"Yes," he answered.

"Your people seem pretty hungry," I remarked, and told him about the bacon.

"Well!"

"Well—is food so scarce?"

"Where do you think food comes from in this country?" he returned. "Don't you know that pretty nearly every ounce of it has to be carried out here from England? When there were five half-breeds around the post that was not too bad. There was enough work for them to do to justify the company in feeding 'em. But when there's twenty-five and work for only six, the company can't afford to feed the whole crew—though, Lord knows, it does what it can."

"Can't the men hunt?"

"Hunt?" he grumbled. "There's nothing worth while hunting within a hundred miles of here, and besides—they have lost the knack. They couldn't hunt well enough to keep alive."

"So—?"

"So they live around the post, doing chores; feeding the dogs, taking a boat up the coast to trade with the Esquimaux, taking a dog-team up the river in winter for fire-wood. I don't need so many. If I fed 'em all there'd be no sense in maintaining a post in this country at all. The company keeps me here to trade food for furs. If I feed all the food to the breeds where am I going to get furs?"

"Yes, but what's to become of them?"

"God knows. They love children, and it's a good trait in 'em, I suppose. But this is no country for loving children. For if you do you can't feed 'em. More brats, less food. I've told 'em often enough to quit this business of havin' children. I've told the Bishop to tell 'em, and he promises he will, but never does. It would be

inconsistent with his religion, I suppose. Well—his little use training for the life hereafter if they can't get enough to trim on. I've twenty-five. All I need is four. If they don't soon quit bringing more children into the light of this damo country, or unless there's a plague strike us, or those people down in Canada build one of their high-falutin' railways into this country so as to give my breeds work, there's going to be another story like the story at the Factory."

And the next night, in little pieces, and very slowly, I heard the story of the Factory, a post on Hudson's Bay, which has since been dismantled. This is the story:

There was a Hudson's Bay post once that began with a poor devil of a white trader, who tried his best for eighteen months to be faithful to the memory of a dead wife, when all he had was a photograph and some hair and a letter she had written him once. But indignation from his own cooking "got him," and to save himself he married a motherly little native who was clean and almost Christian, except that she used to grant as he grew old. He had a white helper, and he, after awhile, married another native and that was the beginning.

In a few years, when other factors were appointed to that post, there was quite a little colony of half-breeds, and it was a tradition that went with the factorship that the breeds were to be looked after. In time the feeding of the half-breeds became a problem. The company raised the food allowance for the post and sent a letter by the boat, intimating that it was time the unwarranted staff of half-breeds justified its existence by bringing in more furs from the surrounding country. Presently, even the increased food allowance became inadequate. Factor wrote that they must send him more food. Company replied to cut down the staff. Factor knew that that meant the woods for the supernumeraries, and that the woods meant death from starvation. He tried to stretch the rations, but failed. He put off the evil time as long as possible, and then, of a certain day, he announced his ultimatum: all but four of the men must be turned off; they must shift for themselves.

It was not easy. The fifty were eloquent. The factor was not a woman, but



A CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF CHURCHILL—TREELAND, AND ALMOST HOPELESS.



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AT FORT CHURCHILL. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE COASTING BOATS USED IN TRADING EXPEDITIONS NORTHWARD AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

he locked himself in his house and would not listen. He knew it was useless. A few prayed. The others straightened up and prepared to depart.

In two days the post was peculiarly quiet. The fifty had melted away. In time, the factor forgot about them until the trading season came on, the time when the hunters come in with their furs. All the usual Indian hunters, except one or two, who had died of starvation because some little thing had caused the deer to avoid their usual grounds, came in. But there was no sign of the half-breeds that had been turned adrift, until one night, near the end of the trading time, the factor, walking in the edge of the bush, came across three huskies sniffing. He caused the thing at which they were sniffing to be given a decent burial, then he locked himself up in his house again and walked. Two days afterward, three out of the fifty half-breeds crawled into camp. They had been successful; they brought furs with them. They were healthy and had established their families well—but of the others—. They did not know and the factor did not press the question.

"Yes," said Hawes, slowly, without emo-

tion, "that happened in —'s Factory. I hope it don't happen here. The man over there," pointing vaguely, "took to rum and religion both at once. They killed him."

The Hudson's Bay Company may deny this, and Hawes is dead, and there are no documents except a letter from the Bishop which I received years after leaving the post, in which he made an urgent plea that something be done to remove the superfluous half-breed population. He mentioned that the only apparent alternative was starvation. He was quite casual about it, as any one would be who had lived as long among the breeds, and had witnessed the problems of their existence. But you cannot say that the company is to blame. It has done what it could for the breeds. In other posts, except a few in sterile country, such as Churchill, they do very well. It cannot afford to support indefinite numbers of half-breeds forever, because, of course, it supports the usual number of widows and orphans, which justify the existence of all great companies.

But when all is said and done concerning the Hudson's Bay Railway Company,

when everybody has pointed out the obvious advantages which that railway gives the country and the bread-eaters of London, and the company which is to operate it, it is the half-breed who shall be most vitally affected by it. It may give him work and food.

I said before, that I thought it was the half-breed problem that caused Hawes his fits of melancholia. But I was mistaken. He was sorry for them, that was all. He gave them as much food as he could. But the thing that worried him was, I found, a shipwreck, one of those wrecks that never gets into print, unless by accident, but which is written gravely against the profit and loss account of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hawes had lost his ship in the Bay. He had made some slight error in his calculations and the rocks and tides of the Bay, resenting her intrusion into parts of the Bay where she was not supposed to go, wrecked the vessel. Hawes was saved. That was what worried him.

"You were lucky to escape," I said. "Lucky!" he turned and studied my face intently for several moments. His eyes he held suspended near his lips. "Lucky!" he echoed, gruffly. "Hmph! Next time I'm aboard a ship and she gets hurt—I stay aboard. That's where a captain should stay. That's where I should have stayed."

He was quite calm about it. He had merely made up his mind that he should have gone down with the boat, instead of having been rescued and given this post by the company.

A few years ago I read in a Montreal paper that a passenger steamer was wrecked on Lake Winnipeg. All but two women and the captain were saved. They refused to leave the vessel. When I was in Winnipeg again I looked up the reports of the wreck there and found what I had suspected. The captain was Hawes. He had left the company's service and had satisfied his grudge against himself.

* * *

This that I have written is a little of the story of Churchill. The Bishop, who is now at Keeweenaw, could tell much more such better. But even he could not tell it all. Churchill has been a marked place

on the map for almost three hundred years. In 1619, Jens Munck, a noble-hearted Dane, who wanted to find the road to China, wintered there. One of his vessels was lost. All of his men, save two, died of scurvy. He and the two returned ed to Denmark in the sloop which had accompanied the larger vessel.

An hundred years after Jens Munck, the Hudson's Bay Company founded a trading station there, and a few years later, in carrying out a clause in its agreement with the British Government, it fortified the country by the construction of what is now the most remarkable military ruin on the continent of North America. Its walls were forty feet thick, with ordnance to match. Nevertheless, when, a few years later, a gentleman-trader named Samuel Hearne was in charge of the factory and the fort, and when a dapper French admiral sailed up and demanded admittance, the courteous Hearne threw open his gates, handed over the keys, and surrendered with as much grace as though the French admiral had been offering to cheat him in a bargain in furs. Hearne was made prisoner, returned to England at the conclusion of the war, and sent out by the company again to take charge of the post, without even a reprimand, so far as can be learned, which throws some light on the Hudson's Bay Company's ideals in those days.

Since then Churchill has been a mere trading station. The French destroyed portions of the great fort and left it as it now lies, crumbling. To-day, nobody pays any attention to it. The post exists to trade with the Indians and the Esquimaux, as said before. The Indians are paid one price for their furs and receive in return so much supplies. The Esquimaux are paid half the price for the same thing, and when they buy their supplies receive half as much as the Indian receives. That is the usage of that country. The company started it, and therefore, it is law. The Esquimaux acknowledge it and the Indians approve. What does it matter if an Esquimaux receives only one-quarter as much supplies for a fur as an Indian receives for the same thing?

This is not to blame anybody. The company would not care, and, anyway, it



A "STREET" IN THE FACTORY. ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE IS THE FIRST CHURCH THE PORT EVER POSSESSED. IT BECAME TOO SMALL TO SHELTER THE HALF-BREED WORKERS.

is a matter for philanthropists and Governments—what becomes of the people in that country. But it is always interesting—no, it is terrible, to recall the story of Churchill. It is the lonesome post. Heaven, in the eyes of a Churchill half-breed, will be a hole scooped in the lee side of a loaf of bread—an inexhaustible loaf.

Churchill may become a great port if the Hudson's Bay Railway should happen to go there, but it will be a bad place in summer on account of the flies and the mosquitoes, and there will always remain,

carved in the rock which lies behind the post, the picture of the man who was hanged for stealing a salted goose from the company. That carving was probably made by one of the masons employed in the building of the great fort in 1742. In those days there was a little more food in Churchill than to-day, because all the wild geese had not been killed off by the "game hogs" of more southern latitudes. But even then, they hanged a man for stealing one, so precious was food; and when I was there, they had given up the goose hunt. Because there were no more geese.

Conscience Money

By

Ella Middleton Tybour

MISS WETHERBY counted money in the Redemption Division of the Treasury Department. Moreover, she had counted it for twenty-five years, which is quite a slice out of one's lifetime, taking it all in all. She had spent those years in a swivel-chair in the basement of the Treasury building, and had worn holes in several cushions as the days came and went.

Filthy lucre it was indeed she handled. Notes worn out in service came back to her for final counting when condemned for circulation and sentenced to destruction.

"Sometimes, my dear," confided Miss Wetherby to a sympathetic listener, "I shrink from touching them. I do indeed."

And it was not strange that she shrank from her daily task. Limp, mutilated, and inconspicuously dirty were the notes that had started forth so crisp and clean. It almost seemed as if they had returned dejected and humiliated from their encounter with the world. Certainly they were asured, battered, and badly worried by the conflict, even as unsuccessful mortals are exhausted by the fray and unable to cope with the inequalities of life. A bank-note must be very bad indeed to be pronounced unfit for use.

Through the days of the week Miss Wetherby was a counting machine, and existed; at night and on Sundays she was a woman, and lived—not quite as other women, perhaps, for she who goes forth daily to earn her bread is widely separated from her who eats the bread that others earn; but still a woman with something to love and live for.

"I think," remarked a neighbor in the Redemption Division, "it is outrageous for you to have to support another woman's

children. I don't see how you can endure it so patiently."

"Endure it?" Miss Wetherby's mild blue eyes grew large with astonishment. "Endure it! Alicia's children?"

"Oh, well, of course she was your sister, and all that. But you can't deny they are a constant expense and anxiety."

Miss Wetherby did not deny it. She lost herself momentarily in retrospection. Expense and anxiety—yes, that was true. Alicia's children were that, and something more. She pondered gravely, then her thin, middle-aged face became suddenly luminous, as she laid her hand upon another package of notes.

"Yes," she said; "yes, that's all true. But, then, can't you see? I have something to go home to."

And the other woman, who lived alone in a third-floor back, became suddenly silent and counted industriously.

Something to go home to! After all, is not that the key-note of life?

Alicia's children had come to Miss Wetherby when the boy and the girl were six and four years old, respectively. At that age they were altogether charming, and, given food, warmth, and unlimited love, had no further demands to make upon life. Now they were eighteen and sixteen, and, while still undeniably charming, their demands were less moderate.

The Treasury Department paid Miss Wetherby seventy-five dollars a month. Alicia's legacy brought her love in plenty, but nothing at all in hard cash. Hence the problems of existence became very puzzling.

Robert had graduated at the High School, and Miss Wetherby had visions of West Point for him, having a deep-rooted conviction that he was destined to defend his country in time of stress, and ornament it when peace prevailed. Meanwhile, the

boy grew apais, and developed critical faculties regarding neckties and hosiery. Little Alicia still went to school, but she too had reached the period of adolescence. Her skirts were longer, and she received callers in the evenings.

"I don't understand it," mused Miss Wetherby, fingering her pay envelope. "There used to be enough, but now everything is changed."

There was not enough. Robert, frowning over a denied request involving the expenditure of five dollars, announced his determination of becoming self-supporting and independent.

Miss Wetherby carried a heavy heart to the Treasury Department next day. For the first time, the personal equation entered into her soul with regard to the money she counted. Those ragged, dirty notes, destined to be ground into nothingness—what would a few of them mean to her?

"Ah, well," she sighed, "there's no use wishing."

That night Robert, sulkily triumphant, announced that he had obtained employment with a real-estate firm.

"A chap I know got me in," he boasted. "I'll be no more expense to you, Aunt Mary."

"Oh, Robert dear! And your West Point appointment promised?"

Robert carelessly lit a cigarette and assumed a manly attitude.

"I might as well tell you, Aunt Mary, that I'm not going to West Point. I'm going into business. What's the Army anyhow? West Point? Oh, bah!"

Thus was one more castle in the air shattered and crumbled into dust.

Robert received twenty-five dollars a month for his services, and felt himself a capitalist. In the first flush of his independence, he had asked his aunt what board she expected, pulling out his roll of five-dollar bills with the usual manner of one accustomed to deal with much larger matters. Her eager and almost tearful repudiation of the money, he accepted with a careless "Oh, well, all right—if that's the way you feel about it."

And Miss Wetherby straightaway began having much better dinners than she could afford, because Robert, having wished to pay his board, might go elsewhere if the food were not to his liking.

The world is full of Miss Wetherbys, and the weakness of their love has helped to wreck many lives. But then, too, it may shine out like a beacon and bring safely home one whose wandering feet would otherwise have stumbled and fallen in the dark byways of life. Who knows?

So time slipped away. Little Alicia had a new party frock, and Robert celebrated his nineteenth birthday. This celebration took place down-town, and his aunt and his sister were not invited to attend.

Time passed. Miss Wetherby counted money all day in the Treasury, and took to counting it in her dreams at night, in a vain effort to make her receipts equal her expenditures.

One day a note, worn to dissolution, fell out of the bundle after she had recorded her count, and she passed on her package of money without seeing it. All bundles of condemned notes are cut in two, and each half is counted by a different person. If the counts do not agree, there is investigation; if they do, the money is ground into pulp.

In straightening her desk preparatory to going home, Miss Wetherby discovered the fragment and carefully placed it in a drawer. To-morrow she would see that it reached its proper destination, but for to-night it would be quite safe.

She dined with Alicia, the third place at the little table being unfilled, and the food was asher to her. Alicia grumbled a little about her brother's freedom.

"He goes where he pleases, Aunt Mary, and you never say a word to him. I'll bet anything he went to Benning this afternoon."

"My dear!" Miss Wetherby was startled, the idea not having occurred to her before.

Alicia persisted. "Well, I do think so. He's always talking about the race, and I heard him tell Joe Ridgway he could pick the winning horse every time. I wish you'd let me go, Aunt Mary. Need we have rice-pudding quite so often, and don't you think I'm old enough to have coffee after dinner?"

Miss Wetherby made no reply. She was staring at the empty place with a curiously strained expression. Robert's father, she remembered, had also been sure of his

ability to select the winner, and, indeed, had often done so. Once, however, he had staked all and failed.

Long after Alicia had gone to bed, Miss Wetherby sat in the tiny parlor, her hands clasped in her lap. She seemed to know what to expect, and had no course for the lad for whom she waited; only love and commiseration.

"Perhaps," she reflected, with her customary optimism, "if he loses all his earnings now, it will be a lesson to him and save trouble after a while. I hope he won't win—that would encourage him to keep on."

Robert did not win. When at last the door opened and the boy entered, with lagging footsteps and a furtive air that told its own story, Miss Wetherby asked no questions. She watched him pass into his own room, and heard him cast himself upon the bed. Should she go to him? She did not know. Robert had not encouraged demonstrations of affection lately. So she waited silently until she could endure it no longer, and then went in.

"Robert," she said, "what is it?" It was no longer the man of the world to whom she spoke, but a wretched boy, who clutched her hand tightly, feeling that a part of any sort is not to be despised during a storm.

"What is it?" she repeated. Then he told her, his face pressed into the pillow and his voice muffled and indistinct. Once she interrupted him:

"I don't understand. You say you took money. Surely, surely—oh, Robert, not that!"

It was the old story. The real-estate firm by whom he was employed received much money in checks and currency. It was his daily duty to take this money to the bank and deposit it. Lately, however, he had deposited the checks and retained the currency.

"You don't understand, Aunt Mary; you—you can't. It's the ponies—they got possession of me. I went to Benning every afternoon and every afternoon I lost. I had to keep on going, to make good."

He stopped, and swallowed convulsively. "The first of the month," he said, in a frightened whisper, "they'll find it out, and then they'll arrest me."

"How much did you take?" Miss

Wetherby was surprised to find her voice so firm.

He named a sum whose magnitude deprived her of breath momentarily. She had expected a possible fifty dollars as an outside limit. Faint and dizzy, she retreated to her room, and the dawn of day found her sitting there by the window.

At the usual time Miss Wetherby, perhaps a shade paler than yesterday, went to the Treasury, and the morning was like other mornings in the Redemption Division. Many packages of money passed through her thin, blue-veined hands. Mechanically she counted them, but always as she recorded the amount she saw the sum need by Robert before the first of the month. She felt bitter and resentful toward this money which was to be ground into pulp, while her boy—Alicia's son—must hereafter subsist upon apples of Sodom for lack of it.

"Let's go over to the park for a breath of air."

Miss Wetherby glanced at the clock, and was surprised to find it noon.

"No," she said; "not to-day, Mrs. Mills. I have a letter I must write."

"Well, then"—Mrs. Mills was busily pinning on her hat—"I won't put it away. You'll look after things."

She waved her hand comprehensively toward the money on her desk.

"Yes," replied Miss Wetherby; "yes, of course, Mrs. Mills. I'll look after things."

From force of habit, she opened a drawer in her desk and took out her lunch, but she did not untie it. Instead, she sat gazing into the open drawer, as if fascinated. The half-note so carefully put away the night before lay there quite safe and comfortable, and in the corner were three figures—a five and two ciphers. She took it out and laid it on her blotter. It was a very veteran of a note, scarred and battered to the point of dissolution, but the figures were distinct enough. Five hundred dollars! And Robert needed— Her eyes wandered toward the package she had just counted and recorded, also five hundred dollars in denomination, but the other end of the note. With a slight movement of the hand, she removed the top one and laid it also on her blotter. The result was a perfect note, barring the wear and tear of time.

Miss Wetherby gasped and looked around. She was virtually alone in the large room, and quite unnoticed. With a quick movement of her hands, she separated the flimsy half-note just removed from her package, leaving figures in the corners of each part. One piece she returned to the package, the other lay beside its companion on her blotter, and the note it made was almost perfect.

"Now God forgive me," she whispered, as she reached for the mutilated bottle.

Five minutes later a respectable old note, held together by a strip of tissue-paper, and minus one corner, lay in Miss Wetherby's black bag. It was so easy—so very easy. Yesterday she had counted the money and recorded the amount before the note found in her drawer had slipped away from the elastic band that held them. The amount marked on the package must have agreed with the other half, or she would have known it by this time. Here was the last count before destruction, and the money would not be handled again. That much was sure, and for to-day she would take chances. She took desperate chances. Looking hastily at the packages of money before her, she snipped a strip sometimes from one and sometimes from another. Then she passed and looked at her neighbor's desk. Mrs. Mills, it appeared, was counting the other end of five-hundred-dollar bills.

"Why not?" said Miss Wetherby, and snipped again.

She grew more skilful and more thoughtful. Any note that can show its denomination, she knew, can be redeemed, no matter how dilapidated, therefore it was not necessary to withdraw any figures from Mrs. Mills's packages—merely fragments of the middle. From her own packages she took the edges and the figures, and always she left enough of the note to be destroyed to show what it had been. There was also enough of the note to be redeemed to show the amount intended.

With compressed lips and feverish hands, she again made use of tissue-paper and mutilate, and within the half-hour allowed for lunch she managed, quite unnoticed, to piece together four notes. When Mrs. Mills returned from the park, she found her friend leaning back in her chair, white and exhausted, with glitter-

ing eyes and trembling hands; but she resumed her work when the others did, and counted industriously all the afternoon. The notes went to the grinding machine, and Miss Wetherby went home richer by two thousand dollars, made in one short half-hour. She had no fear about the mutilated money. Any bank would exchange it for new, and send it in for redemption.

She went home with a curious feeling of elation. Robert was safe—there was enough, and more than enough. Why she had taken the extra amount, she did not know. Had the half-hour been longer, she would probably have continued piecing notes together and secreting them in her black bag, so possessed was she by the desire for money, and the conviction that she must accumulate all she could while the opportunity lasted.

When she reached home, Alicia and Robert were out. On the table lay the day's mail, with on top a long white envelope bearing the War Department stamp. It was Robert's appointment to West Point. Miss Wetherby read it many times, and as she read she formulated the one great resolution of her life.

"Robert," she said that night, "here is your appointment. And I have arranged to get that money for you, but I will not give you one cent unless you agree to go to West Point. Otherwise the law may take its course."

Living broad awoke that night, Miss Wetherby listened to the passing hours, and to the quiet breathing of the girl at her side. Out of the surrounding darkness little devils appeared and attacked her with poisoned darts.

"You are a thief, a thief," they said. "I have wronged no one," she protested. "The money would have been destroyed; and the Government is rich."

"You are a thief, a thief."

The clock ticked it, the passing street cars ground it out, wheels rolling over the asphalt repented it, and the rain that beat against the window took up the refrain:

"A thief, a thief."

"Our Father in Heaven," prayed Miss Wetherby, "have mercy upon me. I had to have the money—you know I did."

It is not necessary to dwell upon the days that followed. Robert took and passed his examination, and was duly en-

tered at the Military Academy. Money was promptly procured for his entrance fee and other incidental expenses.

"I've given you your chance," said his aunt. "I was determined you should have a chance. Now, make the most of it, for I can do no more."

Money was also forthcoming when Alicia mentioned an invitation to spend the summer with a friend in the Berkshires.

"I can't go without clothes," said the girl, "and I know you can't give them to me, Aunt Mary. I'm past seventeen now, and I'd rather stay at home than not have suitable things."

"You shall have them," said Miss Wetherby.

So Alicia went away, and the summer—the red-hot Washington summer—slowly passed.

All day Miss Wetherby counted money, looking at it with sick abhorrence, and loathing the physical contact as it passed through her hands. She no longer wanted it, but nevertheless at night, when in her little stifling room she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, she usually dreamed she was piecing together mutilated notes. Often she awakened frightened and trembling—discovered and in the clutches of the law.

When the autumn came, Alicia did not return to the little flat. Instead, she wrote her aunt of her marriage to the brother of the girl with whom she had spent the summer.

I knew you'd say I was too young, Aunt Mary, and how could you give me a wedding, anyhow? So we just did it quietly in New York, and Ruth went with me, so it's all right. We're going at once abroad, but I'm coming first to say good-bye to you, for I want you to see Harry. I know you will like him. . . .

Another letter came also, frank and manly in tone, and containing eminently satisfactory statements as to references and settlements. Apparently, Alicia had done well for herself. Miss Wetherby folded the letters with shaking hands.

"If I hadn't done it," she said, "Robert would have been in prison, and Alicia could not have gone to the Berkshires."

Two large tears glistened on her pale

cheeks, and more followed when she tried to wipe them away.

"Thank God!" she sobbed. "Thank God! Now I can begin to save."

For the best part of four years Miss Wetherby saved, and her bank account swelled visibly, but she no longer had her little flat. One room was quite enough, she said, now that she was alone. She had a small oil-stove in it, and did light housekeeping—so light, sometimes, it could hardly be called housekeeping at all. The Treasury still paid her seventy-five dollars a month, and each month she put away fifty dollars, and lived upon the remaining twenty-five—food, lodging, and raiment, and the little gifts she always sent her children at Christmas. And every year the price of living steadily increased. She had to buy medicine, too, at times, for there were heavy colds in winter and equally heavy fevers in summer.

She grew daily more languid, and her friends in the Redemption Division recommended raw eggs, beef juice, and port wine. Miss Wetherby smiled acquiescence and purchased breakfast foods, the cheaper vegetables, and an occasional sup-bone. Whenever she could add a dollar or two to the monthly fifty, she did it, and rejoiced greatly.

She was often cold in winter and stifled in summer, but the seasons passed somehow, and now there was enough. There was even a little over, for the bank paid interest, and a little still remained of her first deposit.

And so one day she did not go to the Treasury at nine o'clock, as usual. Instead she went to the bank and withdrew her deposits, down to the very last dollar. There were four five-hundred-dollar bills and some additional smaller notes.

Seated at a writing-table in the ladies' room, she carefully counted it, then took from her bag a long white envelope, lined and ready stamped. It was addressed:

The Conscience Fund,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C.

and contained a few lines in delicate, old-fashioned writing:

The enclosed is in payment of money taken by me from the Gov-

erment during a period of great need. It has been returned at the first possible moment. I deeply regret my sin, and have made what reparation I could.

Miss Wetherby took up a pen, hesitated, and laid it down again.

"I cannot sign my name," she said. "I cannot do it."

She folded the sheet of paper about the four five-hundred-dollar bills and placed them in the envelope, sealing it carefully. Her business being now transacted, she left the bank and sought the letter-box on the corner. It received the envelope with the indifference of letter-boxes in general, and Miss Wetherby straightened her shoulders and held her head a little more erect as she turned away.

Suddenly she felt very tired. The June sun beat mercilessly upon her head, and heat-waves reflected from the asphalt scorched her face. In Lafayette Park, near by, the shade looked cool and inviting. She thought she would go over and sit on the bench beneath the giant elm for a while.

Washington was in the throes of the period of intense heat often experienced in June, and luckless humanity gasped for breath, existing because they must, and not from personal desire to do so.

It was not so cool under the elm as it had looked from the sidewalk. Miss Wetherby sank down upon the green bench and put her hand to her head. She was glad to rest. She hoped soon to lose that uncomfortable ringing in her ears that had set itself to the old refrain, "You are a thief, a thief."

"I was," she said, half aloud. "I was yesterday, but not to-day."

She held tightly to her black bag, for it contained the smaller notes not enclosed in the envelope, and with them she meant to be extravagant. She was going to West Point, to see Robert graduate. Everything was all planned and arranged. When she had rested a little, she was going down-town to buy two ready-made silk dresses—two at one time!

"I will take the next car for down-town," she thought.

Many cars went by, and still Miss Wetherby sat on the green bench under the elm. Noon approached, but still she sat there, her black bag clutched in her

hands, and her lips parted in a tremulous smile. A policeman passed, looked searchingly at her, and walked slowly on. Miss Wetherby resented it vaguely. What right had he to look at her to-day? She had returned the money. The very next car should take her down-town, and she would buy a lavender foulard trimmed in white.

The sun climbed higher, and the heat increased. Across the broad avenue the White House glistened, spotless and dazzling, with the many-columned Treasury on its right. In its basement women were counting condemned money, regardless of the heat. Miss Wetherby reflected that she, too, would be counting there to-morrow, as usual.

She looked again across the avenue, but now she could not see the Treasury clearly, because the air was full of purple waves. It was strange she had never before noticed how crooked some of the columns were. Again the policeman passed, and peered uncertainly.

Miss Wetherby looked him full in the face, and rose to go down-town—strayed, caught at the green bench, and collapsed, a crumpled heap, upon the asphalt.

"I knew it," said the policeman, hurrying up. "Another case of heat prostration. Call the ambulance."

In the Emergency Hospital they did their best, but the young doctor shook his head.

"Utter exhaustion and lack of nourishment," he said. "No chance in this heat. No chance at all."

Miss Wetherby opened her eyes and looked at him.

"The Thief upon the Cross was saved," she said; "have I no chance?"

The clerk in charge of the Conscience Fund whistled when he opened a long white envelope, next morning, and two thousand dollars fell out upon his desk. He started the money upon its proper course in roll-tape officialdom, then expressed an opinion to a companion.

"It beats me," he said, "this Conscience Fund business. But I suppose they only send it back when they have so much money they don't know what else to do with it."

And in the Redemption Division a well-worn swivel-chair was pushed to one side, empty and neglected.



A TURN IN ONE OF OTTAWA'S PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL PATHS.

The Glory of the Cities

What a bit of grass, some trees, a flower and pool of clean water may mean to the most commercial town or city in Canada

By Madge Macbeth

THE modern business man may tell you that the glory of the cities is the wealth of smoke that sways over the bustles of them, just touched on the under side by the steeples of industry—the tall chimneys. The long-haired idealist on

the city council,—or if he is not on the city council he is Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of the leading church—will tell you that the glory of the cities, should be green grass and trees and running streams and fountains and free Wag-

nerian concerts. But both are wrong. A dirty smoky city is all very well. So is the pastoral beauty of a farm and the bysteries of the Wagnerian affair. But the real Glory of the modern city is when the business man has been made to see that a clean city, with a reasonable amount of green grass and parks and trees, makes business better; and when the civic beauty faddist has been fished out of the clouds on the end of a window reel, and made to see that business is the basis of all the cities and that without a factory or two, there is no sense in making parks and boulevards.



The three towers are a part of the rustic archway leading into the Ottawa Exhibition grounds. This arch is made of every kind of Canadian wood, and no two sections are alike. It took a prize at the St. Louis Fair.

Now the City of Ottawa has made long strides in this direction. All Canada has heard about the Ottawa Improvement Commission and Guild of Civic Art have been supporting it as a righteous example for many moons. Some cities have been inclined to answer that Ottawa has not the industries that they have, and that while Ottawa may prunk and preen herself and admire her own reflection in the placid waters of the Rideau Canal, it is Hull—'dirty feet' Hull, on the other side of the river, that really is busy and really is contributing to the wealth of the country. But they have no right to answer that

way. A city may be made beautiful and maintain factories at the same time. And in fact, if some of the money which many a Canadian city now devotes to its publicity department, were turned into the making of wider streets and allowing for parks and gardens within the city, they might find better results.

A city is born dirty. There are bound to be the things that have been left by the builders, the shavings and bits of brick as it were. And it is admitted that a city must first of all secure transportation facilities and industries. But after that, in the making of these industries

were successful and in the attraction of other industries to the locality, civic improvement helps. And in this civic improvement, Ottawa is still an example for the others.

Nebuchadnezzar left us the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Appian Claudius bequeathed us an aqueduct and roadway. Diocletian is remembered for his stunts in monuments and baths. Crazy Caligula beautified Rome. The di Medici gave Florence some of her many jewels. Versailles points back to Louis XIV. The Floating Gardens of Mexico are to the honorable memory of the Aztecs. Mont-

real will no doubt live forever by the reputation of its wharves. Toronto for its smug prosperity. Winnipeg as the Master of the Canadian West and Vancouver because it has sold all its waterfronts to railways. But Ottawa shall be called a city of beauty when these other places are ten foot deep in the dust of their own business. And it behooves them to wake up! To remember that clean air means better workmen and that sunlight makes brighter wits! And as for the New Little Cities, that are springing up all over Canada, let them cherish the waterfront and the valleys and the trees. Let them remember

cities; no pains should be spared to make her a polished gem set in the surrounding grandeur of the great Dominion.

But a city must breathe, it must have lungs. All the great over-populated centres recognize this now, when for many reasons, land in the closely settled districts is almost unpurchasable. Why, New York paid \$1,800,000.00 for the site of Seward Park, recently—less than two acres of ground in a congested section. Note that and be warned, ye City Treasurers!

So it goes without saying that to provide against expensive luxuries like this, care must be taken in the youth of a city



A SHADOWED RESTING-PLACE ALONG THE DRIVEWAY.

that the railways don't need to be given every square inch of waterfront property, and—that there was once a man who remarked upon the value of a Thing of Beauty.

The premier has been accused of making the beautification of Ottawa his hobby—in fact, he admits it, and it would do every Canadian credit to follow Sir Wilfrid's example. There is an especial reason that Ottawa should receive more attention than any other city in the Dominion—for, of course, she is the Capital, hence more or less a model, a place set apart from, and a little above, her sister

to build it well, and it is shocking to realize how little provision has been made in the younger cities, for lungs and good circulation. Canadians who did not have the privilege of hearing Mr. Henry Vivian when he was on this side of the Atlantic, will be surprised to learn that some of the worst slum conditions are not in the older cities, where perhaps excuses might be made for them. But let me quote Mr. Vivian as nearly as memory will permit:

"This fetid district" (showing on canvas an unspeakably squalid mass of houses from which a stream of filthy men, women and children oozed) "this district



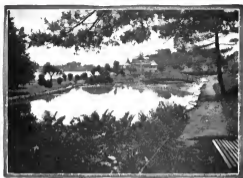
TANGLED UNDERGROWTH IS A RELIEF FROM TOO MUCH REGULARITY OF TRIMMED LAWNS AND CLIPPED SHRUBBERY.

gives you an idea of prevailing slum conditions, not in London, not in Paris, but in Toronto! And this" (showing another picture, worse than the first if possible) "is not Berlin, not St. Petersburg, but Winnipeg!"

Does it not seem incomprehensible that Winnipeg, our pride, our Chicago, growing with such prosperity and swiftness, I

say does it not seem incomprehensible that she should already in the heyday of her youth have a blot on her 'scutcheon'? Ottawa, indeed, has slums too, but none of the conditions such as were brought to light in those pictures.

In every well built metropolis there should be reserved sections where air may drive out condensed gasoline, where blue



WHERE THE WATER OF THE CANAL IS LED INTO AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE

sky may take the place of blazing electric signs, and where old Sol, him-self, may be seen—not merely his reflection in the plate glass windows of a twenty story office building! There should be a real grass plot undecorated by a KEEP OFF

notice, where Baby may stick her pudgy fingers in the dirt, and bring forth—who knows!—perhaps an angle worm; where Tom, Dick and Harry play naumby-peg without fear of breking the point of a new jack knife, as when playing in the



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIDEAU CANAL: AN ALLURING SKETCH FOR THE CANOE MEN OF THE CITY.



A QUIET NOOKERY BESIDE THE DRIVEWAY WHERE ONE CAN REST

sod which surrounds the base of a stunted tree!

Of course, the story of Ottawa's regenerate days is known to all Canadians. The first strip of Ottawa's driveway was built on King Edward Avenue just below Rideau Street. In comparison to the work done later it looks but a meagre attempt at beautification. From there, the work grew swiftly. Ottawa now has nine miles of road and park way; by the spring she will have thirteen, extending, with a very small break, from the Experimental Farm to the Rockcliffe Rifle Ranges. Almost this whole length of Driveway extends along the bank of the Rideau Canal, or the Ottawa river.

From the illustrations may be gathered a general idea of the manner in which 'the Driveway' is laid out. Between the two roadways there are foot paths, studded here and there with rustic summer houses, and flower beds, while diminutive rustic bridges span the spaces between one grassy elevation and another. The work at Rockcliffe varies slightly from the other section, in that it seems to aim at preserving the natural beauty of the woods, and there is little attempt at "laying out" a park—there is no need for it. Another photograph herewith reproduced shows the improvement made in what was a filthy dumping ground. This was known as Patterson's Creek and looking to the left of the Canal, may be seen the way in which sunken gardens have taken the

place of a hideous, unhealthy spot. The little bridge and lodge are built entirely of cedar and add materially to the beauty of the place. Artificial lakes have been made along the strip beginning at the Laurier Avenue bridge and these are bordered by dense ferns, as may be seen in illustration. The last piece of work undertaken by the Commission is the park on 'Nepean Point.' From this point the Driveway will continue along the water's edge toward Rockcliffe, and from there a wonderful view may be obtained of the river, the slope of the Parliament Hill, and the new Chateau Laurier.

Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity for making our cities beautiful and healthful. We have not the cathedrals, the art galleries, the ancient castles, the Colosseums, and the Parthenons of older cities, but we have God-given resources and men of genius who can use them to the greatest advantage; and while the building of St. Peter's may appeal to some as an achievement well nigh unparalleled, it must be remembered that there are thousands of people on this continent who will never be the better for St. Peter's—they will never see it; but the good done for them within their own cities will earn for the man or men who have the people's well-being at heart, greater thanks and appreciation—greater results—than will the Shades of Michel, about whom perchance many of the people know nothing.



HAVING asked and received much from life, what have we given in return?

The Automobile and its Temperaments

By

Douglas Hallam

MAN has created no more human thing than automobiles. These creations of rubber, canvas, wood, leather and steel are not mere machines, they have characters and souls. Who has not come across the bad character car? The automobile with a weak character and a low soul is a very bad automobile indeed. Such automobiles are like many an unskilled laborer, working grudgingly, unintelligently, and often on strike. But the other kind! They have the souls of conquerors, sportsmen, poets; they annihilate distances, run with eagerness and exhilarate with the ease and splendor of their flight.

When it comes to buying, caring for, and driving an automobile these things must be considered—the soul and character must be reckoned on. Some pleasure automobiles have the soul of a professional road runner and demand a great sum of money for each mile run. Others, oversmart in appearance, with big hoods over small engines, and wearing too much brass jewelry, are like village corner sports, loud in their premises and boasts but failures in execution. Then there are machines like some women, machines which need to be coaxed and fussed over, which are delicate and cannot stand rough work, which obey or sulk without any apparent causes. And lastly there are automobiles like strong, adventurous, self-reliant men, ready for anything at anytime, never lying down under the load and never quitting. Such an automobile is the kind to buy; but to pick it out!—that is a difficult matter.

The first thing to determine is the work the machine will have to do; that is, the

number of people to be carried, the baggage to be transported, the roads over which the machine is to run, the weather conditions and the mileage expected. And the second thing is to find out where your car can be repaired and the reputation of the company selling the car, as to the matter of repairs. Getting a car to suit the number of people to be carried makes a great difference in costs—both first and running, and comfort. If a seven passenger car carries only two or three people the total cost per mile per person is very high and comfort is sacrificed. In the first place the original outlay is greater than necessary, running charges are high because of the big engine which eats up gasoline whether carrying three or seven people, and the weight of the body on the big tires puts up the rubber bill. Then, too, a car with springs designed to carry some thousand pounds in passengers and baggage are harsh and stiff when carrying only from three to four hundred pounds. Useless weight in a car is only a nuisance and expense. A four-seated body is much lighter than a seven-seated body. The difference in weight between the two will make a slow sullen car lively and add miraculously to hill-climbing power. It is important to buy a car suited to the number of people to be carried. Many people find it cheaper to keep a small four-seated car for city use only and a big car for the country. Of course a small car is quite capable of trips into the country of from twenty-five to sixty miles if the roads are at all decent.

Considering the question of roads, it is of course obvious that the car for town use will not be suitable for touring and the

touring car not suitable for town use. A car, suitable for the city, should have a short wheel-base so that it may be turned easily in a narrow street; small wheels so that tire charges will not be great, and in this connection it may be mentioned that a 36 x 5½ inch tire cannot be retreaded economically while smaller tires can; and a low-powered engine so that the consumption of fuel will be small. On well paved streets such a car answers all requirements and is satisfactory for short runs into the country. But the absolute city car is the limousine, built to keep out dust, rain, snow and cold. With its heavy body and light-powered engine it can only be used in the city. The vibrations from the rough country roads pull apart the limousine top and it becomes full of complaining noises. Also, at high speed, the top-heavy limousine sways from side to side in an alarming manner. Travelling at forty miles an hour in a limousine on a country road gives more thrills than travelling at sixty miles an hour in a touring car. A touring car should have a low wheel-base to lessen the movement when going over humps, large wheels to bridge over hollows in the road or step easily over obstructions, low centre of gravity to minimize the chances of skidding or upsetting, and an engine with plenty of reserve power for hills, sand, mud, and for getting out of ditches and other tight places. Such a car in the city is hard to handle in traffic and eats its head off: and the constant stopping and starting of a heavy car is very hard on the tires.

If a car is to be used in the city all winter or in the country in all sorts of weather it must have a more powerful engine than a merely fair weather car. And again, if a big mileage per day is expected from an automobile the high-priced heavy car is the cheaper in the end, depreciation and repairs amounting to less, with the added sureness of running.

Also, before buying a car it should be ascertained where repairs are to be made. Dealers in cars not made in Canada sometimes say that they carry all necessary parts and so on and so forth, but in reality if anything serious happens to their cars the parts have to be sent across the border. If it is necessary to send to the United States for gears, or bearing cones, or other vital parts, or to have the crank shaft re-

paired, it is just as well to buy another make of machine which can be repaired in Canada, all other things being equal. The delay in getting things through the customs, and the slowness in getting the parts from the far-distant factories, and the chance that the men who do assemble the parts are not experts, should be taken into consideration.

There are few things which can be "jotted down" about driving a car—a good motorist is born, not made. But one thing should be attended to, and that is the brakes. The best thing to do theoretically, would be to drive without using your brakes at all; and, practically, to use them as little as possible. Some showy drivers, regardless of the damage to the car or the tires, come racing up to the place where they are to stop at great speed, then, throwing on the brake, they bring the car up short, often letting it slide ten feet or more with locked wheels. Such braking racks the car, ruins the brakes and weakens the tires. Such a stop has been estimated to cost thirty dollars. In running a car in the country it is well to find out early in your acquaintance with your car at what speed you get the best results from your engine in *business* operation, usage of fuel, and freedom from breakdown. Some cars will run their best at fifteen miles an hour, some at thirty-five; but whatever the pace is this mileage per hour will get you over greater distances faster than any other rate. It is a mistake on long trips to speed up an engine which runs smoothly at twenty-five miles an hour and travel for a short distance at fifty miles and then drop for a time to fifteen or twenty. And besides the speed at which the engine carries the car most smoothly is easiest on the tires, and bursts of speed weaken them. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in changing a tire means eight miles lost at twenty-five miles per hour, besides the labor involved and the expense. And in addition to all these reasons, high speed on the road is inconsiderate to other users of the road and has caused the unjust legislation concerning speed that is now in force in many localities.

From these few pointers it is to be seen that buying a car and running it successfully does not depend entirely on having the original "price."

The Instinct Eternal

By

Stanley Olmstead

THERE were bunches of crumpled pink roses about the room, and a pervading scent of citron hardly to be accounted for. The rugs were sparse on the carpet of sage green, with a nap so heavy that one had the feeling of treading on some especially exotic species of hot-house moss. The open fire hazed. Everywhere within the wide spaces of this Portage Avenue apartment was a sort of fresh cleanness.

"Well, I'm with you!" cried Armagh heartily.

Obedient to the direction of the maid at the outer door, he had followed the long hallway its full length, and now stood at the designated threshold, facing Mrs. Biederman.

"Tossed up again?" she said, and arose, still holding her look, with languid brightness. "How do you do, Rufe?"

"Never for keeps," he jested, for his first salutation. Then he greeted her with his big hand-shake which was like the rest of him.

Mrs. Biederman did not sit down again, but stood as if warming herself before the fire. She was wreathed in a mild gaiety, responsive to the vigorous cheer of the man. But she trembled slightly, and the hand he had clasped was icy cold.

"You bridge-builders," she said, "bring some of the draught from your canons, some of the spray from your cascades. Let me see, Rufe—how long has it been this time?"

"If I were to tell you, it wouldn't be diplomatic," he parried. "Yet I keep the tally, down to the day."

"Seven years—I know. I don't count them; but they confront me."

"They pass in just about the time of

Christmas to Christmas when we were children," he reflected. "Christmas to Christmas!"

"Oh," she shuddered—"that used to be much, much longer."

For the first time he noted that her hair was snow-white. But the change was far less than she imagined. After all, his most vivid recollection of her was from their school days; and then she had worn long, thick braids of an indescribably pale flax, almost colorless. Once, in a fit of jealous irritation, he had boyishly tried to distillize himself, describing her as "routhead."

"Only this morning," he ventured "they told me of your—" He was halted. The word "bereavement" seemed inappropriate. He had none of that subtlety which can satirize a recognized fact with the effect of good form. She came quietly to his assistance.

"Mr. Biederman died three months ago, yes—after an illness of three years."

The mere citation seemed to give her back the courage she had lacked in the beginning. She smoothed a fold in her morning gown. And now it occurred to him that she was a pastel of delicate color, grey-blue and white, with one or two of the crumpled pink roses pricked in at her belt. The deep isolation in which he had understood she lived was, then, the only formal acknowledgment made to her widowhood.

* * *

"It's an odd thing," he mused—"but sometimes I've had a theory that when a man loves, truly and sincerely, in his boyhood, he establishes a sort of wireless to last him through his life. Nobody seem-

ed to feel that I need be kept informed about you; yet I believe, for instance, I could put my finger on the very moment when all this—" He paused, eyed her keenly, and made a sweeping gesture with his right hand. "When all this—proved a fiction."

It was a decisive comment, from him. Twice during the first seven years of her residence in Winnipeg they had talked thus together for an hour; talked fully and freely, as befitted old friends who understood each other. Yet never during the life of her husband had Aramath felt so much as the turn of an eyelash given signal of suspicion. He had more than left her pride intact, even as her world had left it intact; blithely ignoring what all of them must surely know she endured. And now behold him, flinging an almost brutal allusion to the boldness of the luxury she had so deliberately chosen.

She marvelled at her own lack of resentment. At this of all moments such a comment should be execrably tactless. Yet somehow the flavor of it was indefinitely exhilarating; as if, for the first time since their boyhood and girlhood, friendship arose once more to the level eliminating mere questions of good taste. She feared to return his look which searched her with frank kindness. She feared the light she felt in her eyes—something akin to actual gratitude.

"You escaped a lot, though," he went on. "To me, personally, my life has been as satisfactory as a man has a right to expect—yet I have never been exactly what you would call successful. I never will be. I shall just go on building bridges and things in out-of-the-way corners."

"Often I've wondered," she said, "where you were and what you were doing. Yet always that certainty was there to refresh me; always I could be sure you were out under the open sky and the stars!" She drew a deep breath. "It is exhilarating. It did me good."

Then she did not know, perhaps. Her words touched him with a vague anxiety which he tried to dismiss as reasonless.

"Did no one ever tell you," he began—"of my marriage?"

"Your marriage—" She seemed to grope for the meaning. A blindness lay across her forehead.

"Why, no, Rafe." Her words were voiceless, the merest whisper. "No one ever told me of that."

He had meant to relate the story, but now his face was averted. She realized that she made it hard for him.

After all, why should he not have married? There surged keenly within her a tender selfishness, obliterating the nameless wound of vanity which suddenly she could smile at; excusing herself that, after all, she was very, very human and—a woman.

When she spoke again her voice had ring and timber. "I suppose no woman ever lived," she exclaimed in an abandon of frankness, "no woman—who didn't win at surrendering everything or anything she has voluntarily given up. It's the old paradox of the dog in the manger—I suppose I'm no better than the rest of them, and yet—I'm going to be—I *am* already! For it comes over me, all at an instant, that you could bring me no better news of you. Knowing you as I do, I am utterly reassured. You would never marry save as marriage fulfilled your trust, highest impulse. If you are married, then the woman of your choice does honor to whomsoever you would once have chosen. I'm so glad of you, Rafe—so glad!"

Her eyelash was dewy as the spoke. A serene joy of self-wrought exaltation obsessed her. She was oblivious to the brooding into which he had sunk. Ordinarily more sensitive than the crumpled rose-petals which now she picked asunder and scattered, she was, for the moment, blunt to his sinister hesitation.

"It's a good deal of a long story," he was saying. "You have just admitted you were a woman. Well, I can't add a whole lot in my own defence from a woman's point of view. About the most I can say is in exact unison with you—that I am a man, and no better than that rest of them. In my own eyes, I am justified. But I doubt if I am to be in yours."

And now the woman trembled. He was threatening the single talisman which had withstood the years.

"For God's sake, what would you tell me?"

"It was just the act of a man," he went on, "keeping faith with those instincts

which are as truly a part of him as renunciations where faith has no opportunity. I married in British Columbia, six years ago—a half-breed girl."

She broke loose in a wildness like delirium. "Ah," she cried, "then I was right—my girlhood's decision was right. There is no crime upon my soul. Now you may hear what I had thought never to let cross my lips. My marriage was a crucifixion, yes—but not for my family, not because I was weak, as you supposed. It was because I was strong; because I had then the clear vision I was afterward to lose. The dominant trait in your nature was something which frightened me—something I could neither assist nor inspire, and I somehow knew it then, even if I was to forget it later. You were a giant meant to live among the hills. I was a bit of milk and honey to lure you sometimes indoors; to sour on your palate; to fester all things in you that would most rebel. Long afterward, when I had seen you, spoken with you, and felt the danger, if not the sin, of a murdered yearning, and known the toll exacted of riches, and the curse of a disparity in years forbidding the pretence of congeniality between husband and wife—then I thought I had been wrong. But I had not been wrong."

She paused for some reply; but he said nothing. She could see how he weighed each word she uttered.

"And my marriage, too, justified itself at last. It justified itself!" she exulted. "During those three years of his sickness my husband was as a little child. The physicians pitted me. They had an ugly name for his malady. But mother love was granted me, and I rejoiced. I was useful to him. No one else could have been. It had all happened for that."

"Catherine!" It was the first time he had called her by name. "Catherine! Motherhood was ever the strongest trait in you. At times it has come to me as it comes to me now; it was the motherhood in you that let me go—just because I didn't need you enough. And you were right. Maybe when I've told you the rest you'll see my extension. I, too, loved children—you'll grant me that. And now I have two little girls—two little orphaned girls. At the birth of the younger my little wild wife died!" . . .

She held forth her hands. She called back to him as one calls to sudden light smiting darkness.

"Oh," she cried, "Bring them to me! Bring them to me!"

WHICH will the wise man choose, the love of knowledge or the knowledge of love.

A Gentleman!



NCE again the resourceful Liberals have been trying to aid the Conservative Party to destroy itself, by spreading stories of the dissensions within that party, and by going even so far as to announce that Mr. Borden had resigned from its leadership. It was unquestionably true that the Conservatives had family trouble. But it is, nevertheless, interesting to observe with what indefatigable energy the Liberals promoted the circulation of the stories.

The breach has been stopped. There are just now no further rumors that Mr. Borden is resigning, but the Conservative leadership remains unsettled, and the Banque's Ghost of R. L. Borden's resignation is lurking in the corridors of the House of Commons.

The question is, can a man be as much of a gentleman as Mr. R. L. Borden is, and succeed as a leader? It is not to be inferred by this that the previous Premiers and Sir Wilfrid do not qualify under the term gentlemen. Most of them have dressed decently, spoken with varying degrees of polish and politeness, and died sober. Many of them have had, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier apparently has, high principles. But it may be asked, nevertheless: Can a man be as much a gentleman as is Mr. R. L. Borden and lead a political party into the Treasury Benches?

Roughly, there are two classes of successful political leaders in Canada. There is the "politic" leader—such as Premier Laurier and Honorable Richard McBride—who combines tact and good judgment with a certain attractive personal quality. There is also the man who, while lacking as much tact and as much good judgment, bristles with political "principles," with hobbies, fads and manias, and who possesses, above all, "force of personality," as it is called—although it is really a pig-headed or bullying quality. Whitney might be said to have been of the second type. While he has judgment, he is inclined to bully, to force people into seeing as he sees.

But R. L. Borden is neither of the one type nor the other. He is a rigid man. He sees with a single eye and believes firmly

in what he sees. He moulds his own judgment and is slow to accept advice after he has made it. He arrives at a conclusion through certain methods of gathering his impressions. He does not like these methods interfered with.

This would be proper enough if, when he had made up his mind, he would insist that all other people should think as he thinks. If he would say, "I think the St. Lawrence river should be pumped dry so that the water may be used to water the wheat



MR. R. L. BORDEN

in the West; and because I think so, all you people in my party must think the same way or get out"—there would not be so many stories of his resignation. If he would but take his party by the coat collar and shake it, roar at it, frighten it to death—there would be fewer puny malcontents plotting inside the caucus to oust him.

But he is neither an oiled manipulator nor a horny-handed Whitney. He makes up his mind according to his own lights. He refuses to see crookedly for any political move, he will not

distort facts nor slander men whom he believes to be innocent. When the less generous men in the party wanted him to attack Fielding, he would not take the advantage because he believes Fielding is an honest man. When they wanted him to use the "Annexation Scare" as a weapon against Reciprocity, he refused. He had determined that these were false methods of attack. He had opinions of his own. He declined to be advised by the strategists of the party.

But, on the other hand, he has not the other quality which might have redeemed him from himself. Instead of announcing his ideals and threatening every man-jack of his party with dire revenge that failed to endorse them, he said, in effect: "These are my ideals. I am sorry that you do not agree with me. If you do not approve of my leadership permit me to tender my resignation."

Such mildness, such courtesy, such unobtrusiveness merit the respect of everyone. But there are men in the Conservative Party who are getting somewhat weary of the waiting game. Lennox and Lancaster and Northrup and most of the others have been waiting a long time for something to turn up. But Honorable George Graham's tenure of office as Minister of Railways shows no signs of expiring and the half dozen gentlemen on the Left of the Speaker who would like to be able to style themselves Minister of Finance, are somewhat faint-hearted. It is no wonder that they would have their leader make use of every possible point to upset the Government. It is no wonder that some of them chafe when they find that Ambition can never upset Mr. Borden's ideas of how things should be done. Looking closely at Mr. Borden, you might almost wonder whether he really cares about getting into power, or whether he is not content, so long as he believes the Government to be tolerable, just to lead an effective Opposition. Of course, this is not so; it would be ridiculous on the face of it; and yet, if you travel with him in a tour of one of the Province, you are bound to discover that he is not half the partisan that his followers are. He has too great a sense of Justice. He apparently cannot condemn any act of the Government when he feels that it is a good one.

He is, in a way, like President Taft. His knowledge of The Law, and his experience in it, has given him mind a certain poise, a calmness, and a clearness of outlook, which cannot be stamped by party feelings. Roosevelt was picturesque, wrecking conventions and ideals, theories and practices. Taft was of another type. And as Taft is different from Roosevelt so is Borden different from Whitney.

A perfect gentleman! A most upright and honorable course! But unless the future folly of the Liberal party helps him into power, and unless he learns the undignified, but necessary, art of beating his obnoxious followers into line—some of the cunning animals in his party who are less high-principled may yet undo him. And it would be unfortunate, for, politics aside, Canada would be honored to have so admirable a gentleman in the Premiership.

A Municipal Report

By

O. Henry

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—Frank Norris.

The cities are full of pride,

Challenging each to each—

This from her mountainside,

That from her barthened beach.

—R. Kipling.

EAST is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Oddfellows' Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course, they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

Nashville—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational centre in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 p.m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, bid me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brickyard at sunrise 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "master" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a



HE PONDERED GRAVELY FOR A MINUTE AND THEN EXPLODED: "WELL, BOSS, I DON'T REALLY RECKON THERE'S ANYTHING AT ALL GOIN' AFTER SUNDOWN."

thousand miles far. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers en brochette.

At dinner I asked a negre waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied: "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished, it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with — no, I saw with relief that they wore not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, "Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents," I reasoned that I was merely a "fare," instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than "main" seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine workmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Hark I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And cursa me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable ad lib. A rat is a rat.

This man was haunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles: so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a non-combatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I chew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-covered seat and well, order another Wurshurger and wish that Longstreet had— but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact

that he had ordered the drinks on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he cranked a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Covell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money meet the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currents in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centres of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale dry goods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digestion brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers on brochette (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cesar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with grey wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cettlwayo. We wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate grey in color. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat, for it had to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently ditched (I surmised by some surviving "black memmy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and discolored. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-maimed frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine

strings tied through the button-holes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically hobbled and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw upon the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, sah; sin't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, sah."

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street," I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the negro burred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandly:

"What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', sah, jus' nothin'. Only it's a loose-kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jus' got back from a funeral, sah."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleanider blossoms. All I could see through the steaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost \$2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eighty-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a

splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes over-flowered and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity, as I did so. He refused it.

"It's two dollars, sah," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's two dollars, sah," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cettlwayo softened. "Is you from the South, sah? I reckon it was them shoes of yours fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'tleman to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I needs two dollars, sah; I'd olected to have two dollars. I ain't demandin' it now, sah; after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I has to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'."

Peece and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; he knew; HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlor times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present; I left him happy, lifted the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Asales Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pinnacles. I looked around for a portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Asales Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aure-

lius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Asales Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flooring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Asales Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platonically, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more color—or—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Asales Adair. "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafled on two wings—poem and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sal-



AND I SAW, DIMLY, A CARAVAN OF BLACK, CLUMSY VEHICLES . . . "KIDNAP YOU ANYWHERE IN THE TOWN, BOSS, FOR FIFTY CENTS!"

tan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theatre tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gazed in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a church party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Anzela Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Anzela Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the hills I had given the pitiful negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents' worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was here—filled the hollow

house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and intelligible words.

Anzela Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse ramble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Anzela Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Africé coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil cab seized me, swung open the dungeon door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flung his feather duster and began his ritual: "Stop right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any—"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'tleman what rid out with me dis mawin'. Thank you kindly, seh."

"I am going out to 861 again to-morrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, seh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cetiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro hack driver.

"She ain't gonna to starve, seh," he said slowly. "She has reso-ese, seh; she has reso-ese."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedike correct, seh," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat two dollars dis mawin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising hollers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, creatureless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remembered that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Drivers' Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if—"

Then I fell asleep. King Cetiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Anzela Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair.

Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street aloft, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, grey-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Casar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back sometime this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Meriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-painter's steeds. After Uncle Casar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "I other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Casar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Anzela Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said. "Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he rode her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Anzela Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and in-

tentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Asalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Caesar

himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside: "Did he get hofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Asalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and



HE HAD ORDERED THE DRINKS ON THE CHANCE THAT I WOULD BE RE-
WILDERED INTO PAYING FOR THEM.

concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, sah. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—back's puffykly clean, sah—jus' got back from a funeral—"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was mamma; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and envious citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though

he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: "When 'Cas' was about fifteen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unvictoriously and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon, which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button, the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo.



The Man Who Wouldn't Stay "Dead"—Earl Grey

Some facts and inferences about the Governor-General who was supposed to be a figure-head, but who proved to be a man, very much alive

By Britton B. Cooke

THE function of a Canadian Governor-General has become exceedingly difficult in the later years of Canadian History. When the Dominion was in its infancy the Office was more or less advisory—a medium for communication between the Colonial Office and Ottawa. Durham's position was simple compared to Earl Grey's. For the Governor-General has to fill the position of a Diplomat. His function requires the exercise of the greatest prudence and skill in order that the happy, but none the less delicate relation which has come to exist between Canada and the Mother country since the Canadians have attained their present degree of National autonomy may not be disturbed. It is his task to speak and act in such a way as to maintain sympathetic relations between the Imperial Government and the degrees of Imperialism and Anti-Imperialism in the Dominion. There are, in this broad country, divergent political views and ambitions—due in some measure to the cosmopolitan composition of our population—which might easily be aggravated, by any undiplomatic action of the part of the Governor-General, into an Imperial disaster.

Not only is there popular sentiment to be reckoned with, but there is the direct relation between the official head of the Canadian Government and the official Head of the Imperial Government. Rideau Hall represents the relation between the head of the Foreign Office and the "Canadian Dictator," Sir Wilfrid Laurier

—For, whether it be a fault or a virtue in our political system, the Premier of Canada is practically a Dictator, responsible eventually to the will of the people, but for the interval between elections, little less than an absolute monarch. With this man, with his almost unlimited power, on one hand, and the sometimes not-too-well-informed Colonial Office on the other hand, the Governor-General must co-operate.

With an ordinary gentleman these conditions might not have been very difficult. With anyone but His Excellency, Earl Grey, they might have been taken for granted. A figure-head, a good figure, a pleasant manner, a little grace and some dignity might easily have carried off the situation. But Earl Grey was a man—and he still is for that matter—with ideas. He was almost American in his energy. With Rhodes in South Africa he learned to be "busy." He was wont there, to conceive plans and see them executed. He projected himself into active affairs, and things that were not active he stirred up. When he was announced, six years ago, as the coming Governor-General of Canada, the newspapers of the nation had forebodings. When he landed on Canadian soil they were filled with polite intimations to His Excellency that he would do well to follow the advice given to little boys touching the advantages of being seen and not heard. For a few days he was in the light of newspaper publicity. Then he moved into the quiet of Rideau



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY

Hall and began "Governor Generaling" Canada.

There are different ways of measuring a Governor General's record. A Governor General who leaves his post as popular with the People as when he came, who has made no diplomatic errors, and who has carried out the wishes of the Colonial Government, may be said to have done well. If he has made himself personally popular, so much the better. A Governor General who has improved the relations between his Principal and the people to whom he has been delegated, is in still a more worthy class. But that Governor General who has been able, not only to improve the Imperial Government's relations with the Colonial Government, but who, in addition, has even done much good for the "Colony" itself, may be said to have been exceptionally successful. And of Earl Grey this has been true. The success of his Governor Generalship has been exceptional.

No doubt His Excellency has done things that have not met with unanimous approval. His instinct for putting his finger into quiet places to sea if they are hot, is still active. We have reason to believe that His Excellency has not always been as reserved as the Master of Parliament could have wished. It has been said that he has been a trifle hasty in offering advice and suggestions and requests, in high quarters where interference is resented. Yet, thanks to the quick perception of His Excellency, and the sagacity of Canada's statesmen, no echo of unpleasantness has ever disturbed the Public ear.

Once or twice, in his public utterances, he has said things that were not considered quite pertinent by the Canadian Public. This may have been a fault on the part of the audience. In one instance he took it upon himself to criticize the manners of Canadian school children. In effect, he said that they were not good, and that they were worse than the manners of English school children. The point need not be debated here although there is unquestionably another side to this story of school children and their manners which His Excellency has neglected to take into consideration. At another time, Earl Grey attempted to carry out a scheme affecting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Canada.

He suggested the adoption of the "Gottengburg System" as it is called, whereby the right of retailing these articles is given to an "association" which engages to apply whatever profits may result to the purposes of general utility. The merits of His Excellency's plan were not entered into. His advocacy met with such resentment that he has not, since then, opened a discussion of any vexed question. It is probable that the criticisms of the Press at that time were due to apprehension on its part that the Governor General should assume the role of a bothersome reformer.

There have been other criticisms based upon even broader grounds than these. The two political parties, each warring against the other, have each accused him of showing political bias. The answer to this is obvious. Accused by both, he cannot have favored either, appreciably. The only public allegation of political bias on the part of His Excellency, was made in a despatch to the Toronto Globe from Ottawa. This was printed shortly after Earl Grey's arrival in Canada and it would appear, from its contents, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had recommended Royal titles be given to certain persons, which honors had not been forthcoming. This was taken to mean that Earl Grey had not forwarded the recommendations. The Globe at that time said:

"Surprise and disappointment are expressed over the absence of names from the list of Honours which it was confidently expected would appear there. The question is asked, for example, why have the Chief Justice of Ontario and the Chief Justice of Quebec been passed over? Surely these men are deserving of recognition. The omission of the names of gentlemen standing high in the commercial world is also noted and commented on. The singular thing about this year's Honour list is that, although certain recommendations were forwarded to the proper quarter, they do not appear to have carried any weight. In Liberal circles one hears the query: are Liberals not considered worthy of recognition by His Majesty? There is also a desire to know upon what principle Birthday Honours are bestowed."

This article may not have been justified. The Globe's criticism seems to have been based upon the fact that certain men, high in the Liberal Party, was overlooked in

the list of Knighthoods. There may, however, have been many other reasons why those gentlemen were not honored and among them may have been the fact, as in the case of Honorable Mr. Fielding, at least, that the distinction was not desired. Nevertheless, this is one of the points upon which His Excellency has been criticized, the inference being that out of dislike for the Liberals he ignored the Premier's recommendations.

Of course the Nationalists of Quebec have made direct attacks upon His Excellency from the political platform of Quebec. He has been accused by Mr. Henri Bourassa's followers of being too zealous in the cause of British Imperialism. Most Anglo-Saxon Canadians are not likely to quarrel with the Governor General on these grounds. In this connection the establishment of the Canadian Navy is associated with Earl Grey. He undoubtedly used his influence to bring the Government to adopt a policy that would, in his opinion, be worthy of the Empire. He has not expressed any direct opinion as to whether he approved of the basis on which our naval armament now stands or whether he would have preferred some other scheme. Many Canadians may have argued against the Navy; many are for it. Just how the division of opinion may stand cannot be told at present. But in advocating that Canada should do her share toward her own and the Empire's defense, the Governor General did the least that he could be expected to do as an agent of the Imperial Government.

These are the major matters upon which His Excellency has been criticized during his sojourn here. There may have been one or two others, such as the lack of tact he displayed when he failed to invite any Canadian Press Representative to accompany him on his recent trip via the Hudson's Bay, but instead took with him an English correspondent, able no doubt, but somewhat inadequate. Then too it is frequently said that His Excellency has kept a steady look-out for good investments for his own money in Canada, and that he has even used his official privileges in investigating them on his own part or the part of his friends. His treatment of the Canadian newspapermen was no doubt unfair, but many men have done much worse things and some would have erred

in wanting too much publicity. As for Earl Grey's investments it is only to be said that Canada's chief need at present is just such investors as His Excellency no doubt is.

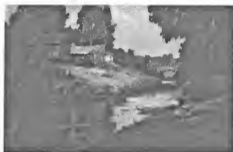
On the other hand, Earl Grey has influenced three vital matters as well as some smaller ones. He has "adversely" Canada throughout the whole Empire; he has strengthened the sentimental ties between England and this country; and he has done more to Imperialize Quebec than almost any other man that may be named. In fact, we cannot recall one man who has done as much. As for his activities in the former two matters, they need not be commented upon, beyond saying that his enthusiasm for Canada is akin to the honest enthusiasm of a good commercial traveler for his own "line" of goods; and that his efforts on behalf of closer Imperial relations have unquestionably led both the Colonial Office and the Canadian statesmen to a more intelligent understanding of their mutual problem.

Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., of Ottawa, made an attack upon Earl Grey in a recent letter to the Press. His chief grievance against His Excellency seems to have been the fact that Earl Grey has been working to strengthen Imperial ties and these ties, in Mr. Ewart's opinion, are the very thing against which all patriotic Canadians should work. He accuses the Governor General of having broken away from that strict neutrality with regard to political matters, which the King rigidly maintains, and he pretends to base his charge against Earl Grey upon the fact that His Excellency extends His patronage to a club called The Overseas Club—evidently an Imperialistic institution. There is, however, more than this behind Mr. Ewart's attack. It seems probable that his enmity is aroused by his belief that Earl Grey is working against the successful consummation of the Reciprocity Agreement. It is reported, that he founded his attack upon statements made by the Governor General in private conversation. If this is at the root of Mr. Ewart's letter then his criticism is most unfair, for His Excellency, whatever he may have said privately and in confidence, has not made a single public utterance which could be construed into an expression of opinion on the Reciprocity negotiations. Unless the Canadian

people are very much smaller-minded than they are credited with being they must resent an impeachment in the public press of the Governor General's private views.

The Imperialization of Quebec is a matter by itself. Earl Grey has done more than make pretty speeches in that Province. His organization of the Tercentenary of Quebec, his addresses to the French-Canadians at that time, all had their effect upon the minds of the people of Lower Canada. But his most effective work has been done otherwise:— in his private conversations with influential French-Canadians, in casual words at dinner, at lawn parties, at small private functions. One of the leaders of the Nationalists in Quebec, a man whose conception of the future of the British Empire is startlingly at variance with the views held by most Canadians, stated privately to the writer not long ago that Earl Grey had done wonders to win the leading French-Canadians to the side of British Imperialism. His tact, his sanity and his energy had made many converts, he said. This work alone on Earl Grey's part merits the recognition of the Canadian Nation. For, as much as he has created greater sympathy for, and sentiment towards British Connection in the French-Canadians, that much has he reduced the difference between the English and the French inhabitants of Canada.

Earl Grey was sent to Canada to be a pleasant figurehead, with the usual mentioned characteristics of the Serpent and the Dove. But he declined the role. He has proved himself a "live" man. He has fostered the artistic impulses of the Dominion by his annual musical and dramatic trophy. He has promoted the campaign against tuberculosis. He has placed a goodly number of corner stones and made unnumbered pretty speeches about nothing to nobody—at ceremonies. The other day he arrived in Toronto to lay a corner stone, yet not one of the papers had a note about his presence in town until the next day, when his speech at the function was somewhat scantily reported. This was not because he is not popular. It is because he has made himself ONE of the Canadians. He has not fenced himself in with differences. He has taken an interest in what we are doing and has spoken his mind several times. Whenever this has been resented by the Canadians it has been because they did not understand how much he really thought about the country in which he was a guest. In fact, he seems many times to have acted more in the manner of a citizen than as a visitor. He has been enthusiastic about Canada. He has shown a whole-hearted interest in the country, and not the sort of interest which is filtered through a foregone or a field glass, but the REAL interest of a real man whose enthusiasms are not all dead.



"SUMMER'S FAREWELL"—A. M. FLEMING.

A Departure in Art Criticism

A successful experiment in connection with the Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists.

ONCE upon a time—this is an old story—a young newspaper man was sent to an Art exhibition in the City of Montreal, to write "a story." In short, he was to criticize the exhibition. He knew as much about art as a painter knows about nursing over-heated bearings on a rotary converter. He was receptive enough. He had an instinct for good composition and color schemes. The wings of his fettered soul fluttered when he saw certain pictures. He could not have said why, yet over a face, a figure, a scene, or a bit of atmosphere on canvas, he might grow enthusiastic. Of technique he knew nothing. He was merely a lay impressionist.

The story he wrote was very bad. At least, it was bad from the standpoint of the painters who had exhibited at that exhibition. There was a certain simple look-

ing little landscape that he liked very well, and said so. And another thing, masterly in execution, but without any appeal to the reporter's imagination, he slated—for he was a bold young man, and the public loves to read of nasty things well said.

The lay public liked the story immensely. The city editor said it would do, and the reporter, to tell the truth, clipped it out of the paper and pasted it in the scrap-book among his other "best things." But among the artists it was called very, very bad and a number of superior persons, who live in studios and don't know a city editor with a vocabulary nor the exhilaration of sitting on the world's pulse every day and saying what you think of it to the public, sniffed and mentioned high atmospheres and the post impressionists.





"M. W. HAYLES, K.C., LL.D."—J. W. L. FORSTER.

The reporter eventually had his salary increased—one dollar a week, and was appointed to write all art criticisms for that paper forever. The artists sighed and said nobody ever did understand them anyway, and went on trying to corral something or other that was in their heads, and express it in pigments.

The story arrived in Toronto just before the recent opening of the 39th annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. It was discussed in a queer and de-

lightful little club called the Arts and Letters Club, and it began argument. Certain of the artists there wanted to know WHY it is that art criticisms are often written without sufficient understanding on the part of the newspaper critic.

"But," said a newspaperman, "if painting is the median used by you artists to express yourselves, you should make yourselves clear to the public without the need of any mere word-breaker."



"THE MASTER OF NORTHCOTE."

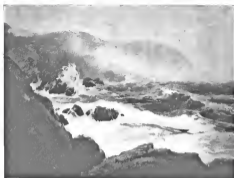
"In this case the problem was as difficult as it was interesting. 'The Master of Northcote' possessed his own popular press had to be painted in the method known as 'premier coup,' sitting on three successive days being all the time that circumstances permitted me to lecture on it. In this instance the rapid progress of the picture probably conduced to the lucidness of its technical method. The personality and attitude of the man suggested a dramatic note in the landscape. As to its colour, it may be called variegated on a grey theme."—H. WILF GRIER.

"No," said another, a wild Irishman of a painter who has been trying to pound art into the fingers of several young ladies. "It's wrong. You can't talk to a Greek in the language of the Fiji Islands. You must have an interpreter."

The upshot of the affair was an agreement among the artists, that each painter might well write his own criticism of his

own contribution to exhibition. That is to say, he would try to state within a few words, what his idea had been in painting this or that picture; under what conditions he was viewing the object, and what effects he sought to bring out.

As a result, when a certain Toronto daily paper came to give its views of the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Ar-

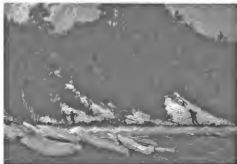


"THE FOG COMING IN WITH THE TIDE."

"In my picture, 'Fog Coming In With the Tide,' I have endeavored to express the entire lives of the sea to their overpowering stillness with an island outpost of a continent. When thousands of battle will still be heard though hidden by the approaching fog."—ROBT. F. GAGEN.

"BY THE RIVER—EARLY SPRING."

"In the picture, 'By the River—Early Spring,' there is no attempt to represent a conventional beauty of landscape. The idea is rather to convey a sense of the weakened strength and motion of nature after the comparative quiescence of winter. To this end all the leading lines of the picture are given a forward movement from one side of the picture to the other. It will be seen that their general trend is all down the river, which flows straight across the picture. The few colors, called as the river left them, are placed on the side of the picture toward which the river is flowing to suggest the shock and passage of a mighty force. The muddy rapids, suggestion of rapid movement, wind in the trees, the pending action of the river drivers are all intended to convey an idea of the flow and movement of the season. Perhaps the single figure on the right summarizes the 'mood' of the picture. The general color is somber, suggestive of soft and dull weather, but there is a hint of veiled blue in the sky."—J. E. H. MACDONALD.



"HAZY MORNING ON THE THAMES"

"In 'A Hazy Morning on the Thames,' the artist has not seen the subject as the camera sees it. Eliminating all small details, he has given a suggestion of the river with an endeavor to show the early morning light struggling through the smoke-charged atmosphere, suffusing all the scene with color, and glistening on the sluggish river."—F. M. BELL-SMITH

"IN THE GRAND VALLEY."

"In the 'Grand Valley,' an endeavor to interpret the spirit and effect of a clear, sharp November afternoon has been made—when long shadows of rapidly moving clouds chase each other over a rolling landscape of farms, forest, flowering and stream. The rays of the sun shining from between the clouds came, sharply defined contrasts of sunshine and shadow, intensifying extremes both in tone and color."—HERBERT S. PALMER.





"THE PIONEER."

"In the picture, 'Pioneer Pioneer,' I have tried to represent the strength and rocky condition of the land not long after the clearing away of the virgin forest, the remnants of which form the background along the shore of a lake. The tall, straight trunks and thick top foliage, together with the long shadows and newly plowed ground, are composed in line and mass to contribute to the harmonious aspect of the picture, and I have sought to bathe the whole scene in the soft light of late afternoon. Believing, as I do, that every work of art must have its main purpose, its reason for existence, its appeal, its aim, or, if you like, its story to tell, with which every part must be in harmony, I have tried to make each physical aspect of the composition contribute to the expression of the pioneer and his work by the use of strong and significant parts deliberately arranged."—G. A. BELL.



"OLD WHARF, NANTUCKET, MASS."—JOSEPH T. BOLPH.

tists, most of the painters had written explanatory notes to accompany their respective pictures. These notes were printed in pamphlet form to accompany the catalogue of the exhibition, and those who

ceives and who executes with more than ordinary clarity and brilliance, and whose future is pregnant with many artistic victories. Upon his suggestion the exhibiting artists, including many of the



"THE RETURN FROM TOWN."

In this picture I have sought to represent a party of *happy lumbermen* returning, intoxicated and hilarious, to their lumber camp, as against the still dignity, the high sobriety of the forest through which they are passing. I have attempted to bring out the dignity of nature as against the less worthy qualities in human nature.—L. S. HAYES.

read the notes were much better equipped to appreciate the pictures.

The idea is new. The credit is due to Mr. Lorne Harris, a young Canadian painter who is said, by most competent judges, to be a man who sees, who con-

best known painters in Canada, wrote brief notes to explain their own pictures. Mr. Harris edited them and arranged for their publication in the *Toronto News*, as well as in pamphlet form. It is understood that the plan will be adopted at the next Exhibition and it is thought that it

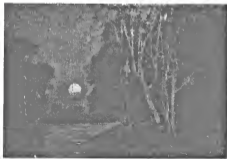


"AT LOW TIDE."

"In the painting 'At Low Tide,' an advantage has been made to give more than a topographical rendering of the scene; the atmospheric effect is this cloudy and somber on the Bay of Fundy."—F. H. BRIDGEMAN.

will be carried out even better than in the present instance. Several artists, in the present case, did not fall in with the suggestion, possibly because they did not

understand exactly what was intended. For most laymen the new plan made the Ontario Society of Artists' latest exhibition, many times as interesting as before.



"MOONRISE, OCTOBER."—MARY HESTER REID.



"READY FOR PLAY."—HENRIETTA M. SHORE.

It has even added, it is said, to the appreciation of each artist for the work of the others.

We reproduce herewith a number of the paintings for which their painters have written notes. One or two others have no

notes. We suggest that those with the notes are very much more interesting to the layman than those without. In some cases the notes are inadequate; the artist has sought to describe rather than to explain his picture. Some need no explain-



"BARKIN AT YUKON."

"I have endeavored to give interest to a rather commonplace subject by painting it under an atmospheric effect of light and shade. I have relied, for pictorial effect, upon the decorative pattern of the trees along the banks of the stream, the whole scene of which is overtopped by a shadow cast by a passing cloud. The simple dignity and grandeur of the trees is enhanced by the strong contrast of the patches of sunlight on the distant hillsides and by the expanse of the blue sky."—J. W. DEATY.

ing and yet an explanatory note would lend new interest to the picture itself. Another year, no doubt, the artists will have caught the idea better and those who did not co-operate this year may by that time have discovered how much they can add

to the pleasure of those unlearned in technicality, by giving these notes. The unlearned may in this way be made learned and thus the ranks of possible picture buyers may be extended to the glory, not to say profit, of Canadian Art.—B.B.C.



The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK III.

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"**T** WAS early in the bright and cool of the morning when we started for Eldorado, Jim and I. I had a letter from Locasts to Ribwood and Hoofman, the laymen, and I showed it to Jim. He frowned.

"You don't mean to say you've pulled up with that devil," he said.

"Oh, he's not so bad," I expostulated. "He came to me like a man and offered me his hand in friendship. Said he was ashamed of himself. What could I do? I've no reason to doubt his sincerity."

"Sincerity be damned. He's about as sincere as a tame rattlesnake. Put his letter in the creek."

But no! I refused to listen to the old man.

"Well, go your own gait," he said; "but don't say that I didn't warn you."

We had crossed over the Klondike to its left limit, and were on a hillside trail beaten down by the feet of miners and packers. Cabins clustered on the flat, and from them plumes of violet smoke mounted into the golden air. Already the camp was astir. Men were chopping their wood, carrying their water. The long, long day was beginning.

Following the trail, we struck up Bonanza, a small muddy stream in a narrow valley. Down in the creek bed we could see ever-increasing signs of an intense mining activity. On every claim were dozens of cabins, and many high cones of greyish muck. We saw men standing on

ruined platforms turning windlasses. We saw buckets come up filled with the same dark grey dirt, to be dumped over the edge of the platform. Sometimes when the dump had gradually arisen around man and windlass, the platform in the centre of that dark-greyish cone was twenty feet high in the air.

Every mile the dumps grew more numerous, till some claims seemed covered with them. Looking down from the trail, they seemed like innumerable ant-hills blocking up the narrow channel, and around them swarmed the little ant-men in never-resting activity. The golden valley opened out to us in a vista of green curves, and the cleft of it was packed with tents, cabins, dumps and tailing piles, all bedded in a blue haze of wood fires.

"Look at that great centipede striding across the valley," I said.

"Yes," said Jim, "it's a long line of sluice boxes. See the water a-shinin' in the sun. Looks like some big golden-backed caterpillar."

The little ants were shovelling into it from one of their heaps, and from that point it swirled on into the stream, a current of mad and stone.

"Seems to me that stream would wash away all the gold," I said. "I know it's all caught in the riffles, but I think if that dump was mine I would want sluice-boxes a mile long and about sixteen hundred riffles. But I guess they know what they are doing."

About noon we descended into the creek-bed and came to the Forks. It was

a little town, a Dawson in miniature, with all its sordid aspects infinitely accentuated. It had dance-halls, gambling dens and many saloons; every convenience to ease the miner of the plethoric poke. There in the din and haze and dirt we tarried awhile; then, after eating heartily, we struck up Eldorado.

Here was the same feverish activity of gold-getting. Every claim was valued at millions, and men who had rarely owned enough to buy a decent coat were crying in the saloons because life was not long enough to allow them to spend their sudden wealth. Nevertheless, they were making a good stab at it. At the Forks I inquired regarding Ribwood and Hoofman; "Goin' to work for them, are you? Well, they've got a blamed hard name. If you get a job elsewhere, don't turn it down."

Jim left me; he would work on no claim of Loessto's, he said. He had a friend, a layman, who was a good man, belonged to the army. He would try him. So we parted.

Ribwood was a tall, gaunt Cornishman, with a narrow, jutting face and a gloomy air; Hoofman, a burly, beet-colored Australian with a bulging stomach.

"Yes, we'll put you to work," said Hoofman, reading the letter. "Get your coat off and shovel in."

So, right away, I found myself in the dump-pile, jamming a shovel into the pay-dirt and swinging it into a sluice-box five feet higher than my head. Keeping at this hour after hour was no fun, and if ever a man desisted for a moment the hard eyes of Hoofman was upon him, and the gloomy Ribwood had snatched up a shovel and was throwing in the muck furiously.

"Come on, boys," he would shout; "make the dirt fly. Taint every part of the world you fellows can make your ten bucks a day."

And it can be said that never laborer proved himself more worthy of his hire than the pick-and-shovel man of those early days. Few could stand it long without resting up. They were lean as wolves those men of the dump and drift, and their faces were gauged and grooved with relentless toil.

Well, for three days I made the dirt fly; but towards quitting time, I must say, its flight was a very uncertain one. Again I suffered all the tortures of becoming toil-

broken, the old aches and pains of the tunnel and the gravel-pit. Towards evening every shovelful of dirt seemed to weigh as much as if it was solid gold; indeed, the stuff seemed to get richer and richer as the day advanced, and the last half-hour I judged it must be nearly all nuggets. The constant hoisting into the overhead sluice-box somehow worked muscles that had never gone into action before, and I ached elaborately.

In the morning the pains were fiercest. How I groaned until the muscles got limbered up. I found myself using very rough language, indeed, growling, gritting my teeth viciously. But I stayed with the work and held up my end, while the laymen watched us sedulously, and seemed to grudge us even a moment to wipe the sweat out of our blinded eyes.

I was glad, indeed, when, on the evening of the third day, Ribwood came to me and said:

"I guess you'd better work up at the shaft to-morrow. We want a man to wheel muck."

They had a shaft sunk on the hillside. They were down some forty feet and were drifting in, wheeling the pay-dirt down a series of planks placed on trestles to the dump. I gripped the handles of a wheelbarrow loaded to overflowing, and steered it down that long unsteady gangway full of uneven joints and sudden angles. Time and again I ran off the track, but after the first day I became quite an expert at the business. My spirits rose. I was on the way to becoming a miner.

CHAPTER IX

Turning the windlass over the shaft was a little, tough mud-rat, who excited in me the liveliest sense of aversion. Pat Doogan was his name, but I will call him the "Worm."

The Worm was the foulest-mouthed specimen I have yet met. He had the lowest forehead I have ever seen in a white man, and such a sharp, ferrety little face. His reddish hair had the prison clip, and his little reddish eyes were alive with craft and cruelty. I noticed he always regarded me with a peculiarly evil grin, that wrinkled up his cheeks and revealed his hideously blackened teeth. From the first he gave me a creepy feeling, a disgust as if I were near some dirty reptile.

Yet the Worm tried to make up to me. He would tell me stories blended of the horrible and the grotesque. One in particular I remember.

"Youse wants know how I lost me last job. I'll tell youse. You see, it was like dis. Dere was two Blackmore guys dat got into de country dis Spring; came by St. Michaels; Hindooz dey was. Well, one of them 'Sicks' (an' dey looked sick, dey was so loose and weary in dere style) got a job from old man Gustafson down de shaft muckin' up and fillin' de buckets.

"Well, dere was dat Blackmore down in de deep hole one day when I comes along, an' strikes old Gus for a job. So, seeing as de man on de windlass wanted to quit, he passed it up to me, an' I took right hold and started in.

"Say, I was feelin' powerful mean. I'd just finished up a two weeks' drunk, an' you tink de house wasn't workin' in me some. I was seein' all kinds of dam funny things. Why, as I was a-turin' away at old de windlass dere was red spiders crawlin' up me legs. But I was wise. I wouldn't look at dem things, give dem de go-by. Den a yellin' rat got gay wid me and did some stunts on me windless. But still I wouldn't let on. Den dere was some green snakes dat wriggled over de platform like 'diny streaks on de water. Sure, I didn't like dat one bit, but I says, 'dere ain't no snakes in de darved country. Pat, and you knows it. It's just a touch of de horrors, dat's all. Just pass 'em up, boy; don't take no notice of dem.'"

"Well, it's went on till I begin to get all shaky and jumpin', an' I was mighty glad when de time came to quit, and de boys down below gives me de holler to pull dem up."

"So I started hoistin' wid dose snakes and spiders and nits juss' cavortin' round me like mad, when all of a once you should I hoists out de bowels of de earth but de very devil himself."

"His face was black. I could see de whites of his eyes, and he had a big dirty towel tied round his head. Well, say, it was de limit. At de sight of dat ferocious monster comin' after old Pat I gives one yell, drops de crank-handle of de windlass, an' makes a flyin' leap down de dump. I hears an awful shriek, and de bucket and de devil goes down smash to de bot-

tom of de shaft, 'tirty-five feet. But I kep' on runnin'. I was so scared.

"Well, how was I to know dey had a Blackmore down dere? He was a stiff when dey got him up, but how was I to know? So I lost me job."

On another occasion he told me: "Say, kid, youse didn't know as I was liable to fits, did youse? Dat's so; eppylepsy de doctor tells me. Dat's what I am scared of. You see, it's like dis: if one of dem fits should hit me when I'm hoistin' de boys out de shaft, den it would be a pity. I would sure lose me job like de oder time."

He was the most degraded type of man I had yet met on my travels, a typical degenerate, dirty, drunken, diseased. He had three suits of underclothing, which he never washed. He would wear through all three in succession, and when the last got too dirty for words he would throw it under his trunk and sorrowfully go back to the first, keeping up this rotation till all were worn out.

One day Hoofman told me he wanted me to go down the shaft and work in the drift. Accordingly, next morning I and a huge Slav, by name Dooley Rileysvitch, were lowered down into the darkness.

The Slav initiated me. Every foot of dirt had to be thawed out by means of wood fires. We built a fire at the far end of the drift every night, covering the face we were working. First we would lay kindling, then dry spruce lying lengthways, then a bank of green wood standing on end to keep in the heat and shed the dirt that sloughed down from the roof. In the morning our fire would be burned out, and enough pay-dirt thawed out to keep us picking all day.

Down there I found it the hardest work of all. We had to be careful that the smoke had cleared from the drift before we ventured in, for frequently miners were asphyxiated. Indeed, the bad air never went entirely away. It made my eyes sore, my head ache. Yet, curiously enough, so long as you were down there it did not affect you so much. It was when you stepped out of the bucket and struck the pure outer air that you reeled and became dizzy. It was blinding, too. Often at supper have my eyes been so blurred and sore I had to grope around

uncertainly for the sugar bowl and the tin of cream.

In the drift it was always cool. The roof kept sloughing down on us, and we had really gone in too far for our own safety, but the layman cared little for that. At the end of the drift the roof was so low we were bent almost double, picking at the hard face in all kinds of crumpled positions, and dragging after us the heavy bucket. To the big Slav it was all in the day's work, but to me it was hard, hard.

The shaft was almost forty feet deep. For the first ten feet a ladder ran down it, then stopped suddenly, as if the excavators had decided to abandon it. I often looked at this useless bit of ladder and wondered why it had been left unfinished.

Every morning the Worm hoisted us down into the darkness, and at night drew us up. Once he said to me:

"Say, wouldn't it be de tough luck if I was to take a fit when I was hoistin' youse up? Such a nice bit of a boy, too, an' I guess I'd lose my job over de head of it."

I said: "Cut that out, or you'll have me so scared I won't go down."

He grinned unpleasantly and said nothing more. Yet somehow he was getting on my nerves terribly.

It was one evening we had banked up our fires and were ready to be hoisted up. Dooley Rileyvich went first, and I watched him blot out the bit of blue for a while. Then, slowly, down came the bucket for me.

I got in. I was feeling uneasy all of a sudden, and devoutly wished I were anywhere else but in that hideous hole. I felt myself leave the ground and rise steadily. The walls of the shaft glided past me. Up, up, I went. The bit of blue sky grew bigger, bigger. There was a star shining there. I watched it. I heard the creak, creak of the windlass crank. Somehow it seemed to have a sinister sound. It seemed to say: "Have a care, have a care." I was ten feet from the top. The bucket was rocking a little, so I put out my hand and grasped the lowest rung of the ladder to steady myself.

Then, at that instant, it seemed the weight of the bucket pressing up against my feet was suddenly removed, and my arm was high jerked out of its socket.

There I was hanging desperately on the lowest rung of the ladder, while, with a crash that made my heart sick, the bucket dashed to the bottom. At last, I realized, the Worm had had his fit.

Quickly I gripped with both hands. With a great effort I raised myself rung by rung on the ladder. I was panic-stricken, faint with fear; but some instinct had made me hold on desperately. Dizzily I hung all a-shudder, half-sobbing. A minute seemed like a year.

Ah! there was the face of Dooley looking down on me. He saw me clinging there. He was anxiously shouting to me to come up. Mastering an overpowering nausea I raised myself. At last I felt his strong arms around me, and here, I swear it on a stack of Bibles; that brutish Slav seemed to me like one of God's own angels.

I was on firm ground at last. The Worm was lying stiff and rigid. Without a word the stalwart Slav took him on his brawny shoulder. The creek was down-hill but fifty yards. Ere we reached it the Worm had begun to show signs of reviving consciousness. When we got to the edge of the icy water he was beginning to groan and open his eyes in a dazed way.

"Leave me alone," he says to Rileyvich; "yes Slavonian swine, lemme go."

Not so the Slav. Holding the wriggling, writhing little man in his powerful arms he plunged him head over head in the muddy current of the creek.

"I guess I cure dese fits, anyway," he said grimly.

Struggling, spluttering, blaspheming, the little man freed himself at last and staggered shore. He cursed Rileyvich most comprehensively. He had not yet seen me, and I heard him wailing:

"Sure de boy's a stiff. Just my luck; I've lost my job."

CHAPTER X

"You'd better quit," said the Prodigal. It was the evening of my mishap, and he had arrived unexpectedly from town.

"Yes, I mean to," I answered. "I wouldn't go down there again for a farm. I feel as weak as a sick baby. I couldn't stay another day."

"Well, that goes," said he. "It just fits in with my plans. I'm getting Jim to come in, too. I've realised on that stuff

I bought, made over three thousand clear profit, and with it I've made a dicker for a property on the bench above Bonanza, Gold Hill they call it. I've a notion it's all right. Anyway, we'll tunnel in and see. You and Jim will have a quarter share each for your work, while I'll have an extra quarter for the capital I've put in. Is it a go?"

I said it was.

"Thought it would be. I've had the papers made out, you can sign right now." So I signed, and next day found us all three surveying our claim. We put up a tent, but the first thing to do was to build a cabin. Right away we began to level off the ground. The work was pleasant, and conducted in such friendship that the time passed most happily. Indeed, my only worry was about Berna. She had never ceased to be at the forefront of my mind. I schooled myself into the belief that she was all right, but, thank God, every moment was bringing her nearer to me.

One morning, when we were out in the woods cutting timber for the cabin, I said to Jim:

"Did you ever hear anything more about that man Mosely?"

He stepped chopping, and lowered the axe he had poised aloft.

"No, boy; I've had no mail at all. Wait awhile."

He swung his axe with viciously forceful strokes. His cheery face had become so downcast that I bitterly blamed myself for my want of tact. However, the cloud soon passed.

About two days after the Prodigal said to me:

"I saw your little gattensnipe friend today."

"Indeed, where?" I asked; for I had often thought of the Worm, thought of him with fear and loathing.

"Well, sir, he was just getting the grandest dressing-down I ever saw a man get. And do you know who was handing it to him—Locosto, no less."

He lit a cigarette and inhaled the smoke.

"I was just coming along the trail from the Forks when I suddenly heard voices in the bush. The big man was saying:

"'Looker here, Pat, you know if I just liked to say half a dozen words I could

land you in the penitentiary for the rest of your days."

"Then the little man's wheedling voice: "'Well, I did me best, Jack. I know I bungled the job, but youse don't want to cuss dem things up to me. Dere's more dan me or ter be in de pen. Dere's no good in de pot callin' de kettle black, is dere?"

"Then Black Jack flew off the handle. You know he's got a system of munn-handling that's near the record in these parts. Well, he just landed on the little man. He got him down and started to lambast the Judas out of him. He gave him the 'feather,' and then some. I guess he'd have done him to a finish hadn't I been Johanne on the spot. At sight of me he gives a curse, jumps on his horse and goes off at a canter. Well, I propped the little man against a tree, and then some fellows came along, and we got him some brandy. But he was badly done up. He kept saying: 'Oh, de devil, de big devil, sure I'll give him his before I get t'rough.' Fanny, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it strange," and for some time I pondered over the remarkable strangeness of it.

"That reminds me," said Jim; "hany one seen the Jam-wagon?"

"Oh yes," answered the Prodigal; "poor beggar! he's down and out. After the fight he went to pieces, every one treating him, and so on. You remember Bullhammer?"

"Yes."

"Well, the last I saw of the Jam-wagon he was cleaning cupboards in Bullhammer's saloon."

* * * * *

We had hauled the logs for the cabin, and the foundation was laid. Now we were building up the walls, placing between every log a thick wadding of moss. Every day saw our future home nearer completion.

One evening I spied the saturnine Ribwood climbing the hill to our tent. He hailed me:

"Say, you're just the man I want."

"What for?" I asked; "not to go down that shaft again?"

"No. Say I want a night watchman up at the claim to go on four hours a night at a dollar an hour. You see, there's

been a lot of sluice-box robberies lately, and we're scared for our clean-up. We're running two ten-hour shifts now and cleaning up every three days; but there's four hours every night the place is deserted, and Hoofman proposed we should get you to keep watch."

"Yes," I said; "I'll run up every evening if the others don't object."

They did not; so the next night, and for about a dozen after that, I spent the darkest hours watching on the claim where previously I had worked.

There was never any real darkness down there in that narrow valley, but there was dusk of a kind that made everything grey and uncertain. It was a vague, nebulous atmosphere in which objects merged into each other confusedly. Bushes came down to within a few feet of where we were working, dense-growing alder and birch that would have concealed a whole regiment of sluice-robbers.

It was the dimmest and most uncertain hour of the four, and I was sitting at my post of guard. As the night was chilly I had brought along an old grey blanket, similar in colour to the moand of the pay dirt. There had been quite a cavity dug in the dump during the day, and into this I crawled and wrapped myself in my blanket. From my position I could see the string of boxes containing the rifles. Over me brooded the vast silence of the night, and by my side lay a loaded shotgun.

"If the swine come," said Ribwood, "let 'em have a clean-up of lead instead of gold."

Lying there, I got to thinking of the robberies. They were remarkable. All had been done by an expert. In some cases the rifles had been extricated and the gold scooped out; in others a quantity of mercury had been poured in at the upper end, and, as it passed down the boxes, the "quick" had gathered up the dust. Each time the robbers had cleared up from two to three thousand dollars, and all within the past month. There was some mysterious master-crook in our midst, one who operated swiftly and surely, and left absolutely no clue of his identity.

It was strange, I thought. What nerve, what cunning, what skill must this midnight thief be possessed of! What desper-

ate chances was he taking! For, in the miners' eyes, cache-stending and sluice-box robbing were in the same category, and the punishment was—well, a rope and the nearest tree of size. Among those strong, grim men justice would be stern and swift.

I was very quiet for a while, watching dreamily the dark shadows of the dusk.

Hist! What was that? Surely the bushes were moving over there by the hill-side. I strained my eyes. I was right: they were.

I was all nerves and excitement now, my heart beating wildly, my eyes boring through the gloom. Very softly I put out my hand and grasped the shotgun.

I watched and waited. A man was parting the bushes. Stealthily, very stealthily, he was peering around. He hesitated, paused, peered again, crouched on all-fours, crept forward a little. Everything was quiet as a grave. Down in the cabins the tired men slept peacefully; stillness and solitude.

Cautiously the man, crawling like a snake, works his way to the sluice-boxes. None but a keen watcher could have seen him. Again and again he pauses, peers around, listens intently. Very carefully, with my eyes fixed on him, I lift the gun.

Now he has gained the shadow of the nearest sluice-box. He clings to the trestle-work, clings so closely you could scarcely tell him apart from it. He is like a rat, dark, furtive, sinister. Slowly I lift the gun to my shoulder. I have him covered.

I wait. Somehow I am loath to shoot. My nerves are a-quiver. Proof, more proof, I say. I see him working busily, lying flat alongside the boxes. How crafty, how skilful he is! He is disconnecting the boxes. He will let the water run to the ground; then, there in the exposed rifles, will be his harvest. Will I shoot . . . now . . . I will.

Then, in the midnight hush, my gun blazed forth. With one scream the man tumbled down, carrying along with him the disconnected box. The water rushed over to the ground in a deluge. I must catch him. There he lay in that peering stream. . . . Now I have him.

There in that torrent of water I grappled with my man. Over and over we rolled. He tried to gouge me. He was

small, but oh, how strong! He held down his face. Fiercely I wrenched it up to the light. Heavens! it was the Worm.

I gave a cry of surprise, and my clutch on him must have weakened, for at that moment he gave a violent wrench, a cat-like twist, and tore himself free. Men were coming, were shouting, were running in from all directions.

"Catch him!" I cried. "Yonder he goes."

But the little man was shooting forward like a deer. He was in the bushes now, hurrying through everything, dodging and twisting up the hill. Right and left ran his pursuers, mistaking each other for the robber in the semi-gloom, yelling frantically, mad with the excitement of a man-hunt. And in the midst of it all I lay in a pool of mud and water, with a sprained wrist and a bite on my leg.

"Why in hell didn't you hold him?" shouted Ribwood.

"I couldn't," I answered. "I saved your clean-up, and he got some of the lead. Besides, I know who he is."

"Pat Doogan?"

"You don't say. Well, I'm damned. You're sure?"

"Dead sure."

"Swear it in Court?"

"I will."

"Well, that's all right. We'll get him. I'll go into town first thing in the morning and get out a warrant for him."

He went, but the next evening back he returned, looking very surly and disgruntled.

"Well, what about the warrant?" said Hoofman.

"Didn't get it."

"Didn't get—"

"No, didn't get it," snapped Ribwood.

"Look here, Hoofman, I met Locasto. Black Jack says Pat was caught away dead to all the world, in the backroom of the Omega Saloon all night. There's two loafers and the barkeep to back him up. What can we do in the face of that? Say, young feller, I guess you mistook your man."

"I guess I did not," I protested stoutly.

They both looked at me for a moment and shrugged their shoulders.

CHAPTER XI

The days went on and the cabin was quickly nearing completion. The roof of poles was in place. It only remained to cover it with moss and shaved-out earth to make it our future home. I think these were the happiest days I spent in the North. We were such a united trio. Each was eager to do more than the other, and we vied in little acts of mutual consideration.

Once again I congratulated myself on my partners. Jim, though sometimes bellicosely evangelical, was the soul of kindly goodness, cheerfulness and patience. It was refreshing to know among so many sin-calloused men one who always rang true, true as the gold in the pan. As for the Prodigal, he was a Prince. I often thought that God at the birth of him must have reached out to the sunshine and crammed a mighty handful of it into the boy. Surely it is better than all the riches in the world to have a temperament of eternal cheer.

As for me, I have ever been at the mercy of moods, easily elated, quickly cast down. I have always been abnormally sensitive, affected by sunshine and by shadows, vacillating, intense in my feelings. I was truly happy in these days, finding time in the long evenings to think of the scenes of stress and sorrow I had witnessed, reconstructing the past, and having importance me again and again the many characters in my life drama.

Always and always I saw the girl, elusively sweet, almost unreal, a thing to enshrine in that ideal alcove of our hearts we keep for our saints. (And God help us always to keep shining there a great light.)

Many others importuned me: Pinklove, Globstock, Ponderby, Marks, old Wilkewick, all dead; Ballhammer, the Jamwagon, Mosher, the Winklesteins, plunged in the vortex of the gold-born city; and lastly, looming over all, dark and ominous, the handsome, bold, sinister face of Locasto. Well, maybe I would never see any of them again.

Yet more and more my dream hours were jealously consecrated to Berna. How ineffably sweet were they. How full of delicious imagings. How pregnant of

high hope. O, I was born to love, I think, and I never loved but one. This story of my life is the story of Berna. It is a thing of words and words and words, yet every word is Berna, Berna. Feel the heartache behind it all. Read between the lines, Berna, Berna.

Often in the evenings we went to the Forks, which was a lively place indeed. Here was all the recklessness and revel of Dawson on a smaller scale, and infinitely more gross. Here were the dance-hall girls, not the dazzling creatures in diamonds and Paris gowns, the belles of the Monte Carlo and the Tivoli, but drab self-convicted by their coarse, puffy faces. Here the men, fresh from their day's work, the mud of the claim hardly dry on their boot-tops, were buying wine with nuggets they had filched from sluice-box, dump and drift.

There was wholesale robery going on in the gold-camp. On many claims where the owners were known to be unassuming, men would work for small wages because of the gold they were able to filch. On the other hand, many of the operators were paying their men in trade-dust valued at sixteen dollars an ounce, yet so adulterated with black sand as to be really worth about fourteen. All these things contributed to the low morale of the camp. Easy come, easy go with money, a wild intoxication of success in the air; gold goaped in glittering heaps from the ground during the day and at night squandered in a carnival of lust and sin.

The Prodigal was always "snooping" around and gleaming information from most mysterious sources. One evening he came to us.

"Boys, get ready quick. There's a rumour of a stampede for a new creek, Ophir Creek they call it, away on the other side of the divide somewhere. A prospector went down ten feet and got fifty-cent dirt. We've got to get in on this. There's a mob coming from Dawson, but we'll get there before the rush."

Quickly we got together blankets and a little grub, and, keeping out of sight, we crawled up on the hill under cover of the brush. Soon we came to a place from which we could command a full view of the valley. Here we lay down, awaiting developments. It was at the hour of dusk. Scuffs of smoke waivered over the cabins

down in the valley. On the far slope of Eldorado I saw a hawk soar upwards. Surely a man was moving amid the brush, two men, a dozen men, moving in single file very stealthily. I pointed them out.

"It's the stampede," whispered Jim. "We've got to get on to the trail of that crowd. Travel like blazes. We can cut them off at the head of the valley."

So we struck into the stampede gait, a wild, jolting, desperate pace, that made the wild pant in our lungs like bellows, and jarred our bones in their sockets. Through brush and scrub timber we burst. Thorny vines tore at us detainingly, swampy niggerberries impeded us; but the excitement of the stampede was in our blood, and we plunged down gulches, floundered over marshes, climbed steep ridges and crashed through dense masses of underwood.

"Throw away your blankets, boys," said the Prodigal. "Just keep a little grub. Eldorado was staked on a stampede. Maybe we're in on another Eldorado. We must connect with that bunch if we break our necks."

It was hours after when we overtook them, about a dozen men, all in the maddest hurry, and cowering behind them glances of furtive apprehension. When they saw us they were hugely surprised. Kidwood was one of the party.

"Hello," he says roughly; "any more coming after you boys?"

"Don't see them," said the Prodigal breathlessly. "We spied you and cottoned on to what was up, so we made a fierce hike to get in on it. Gee, I'm all tuckered out."

"All right, get in line. I guess there's lots for us all. You're in on a good thing, all right. Come along."

So off we started again. The leader was going like one possessed. We blundered on behind. We were on the other side of the divide looking into another vast valley. What a magnificent country it was! What a great mansevering-ground it would make for an army! What splendid open spaces, and round smooth hills, and dainty blue valleys, and silvery wind-eroded creeks! It was veritably a park of the Gods, and enclosing it was the monstrous, corrugated palisade of the Rockies.

But there was small space to look around. On we went in the same mad,

heart-breaking hurry, mile after mile, hour after hour.

"This is going to be a banner creek, boys," the whisper ran down the line. "We're in luck. We'll all be Klondike Kings yet."

Cheering, wasn't it? So on we went, hotter than ever, content to follow the man of iron who was guiding us to the virgin treasure.

We had been pounding along all night, up hill and down dale. The sun rose, the dawn blossomed, the dew dried on the blueberry; it was morning. Still we kept up our fierce gait. Would our leader never come to his destination? By what roundabout route was he guiding us? The sun climbed up in the blue sky, the heat quivered; it was noon. We panted as we pelted on, parched and weary, faint and footsore. The excitement of the stampede had sustained us, and we scarcely had noted the flight of time. We had been walking for fourteen hours, yet not a man faltered. I was ready to drop with fatigue; my feet were a mass of blisters, and every step was intolerable pain to me. But still our leader kept on.

"I guess we'll fool those trying to follow us," snapped Kidwood grimly.

Suddenly the Prodigal said to me: "Say, you boys will have to go on without me. I'm ill. Go ahead, I'll follow after I'm rested up."

He dropped in a limp heap on the ground and instantly fell asleep. Several of the others had dropped out too. They fell asleep where they gave up, utterly exhausted. We had now been going sixteen hours, and still our leaders kept on.

"You're pretty tough for a youngster," growled one of them to me. "Keep it up, we're almost there."

So I hobbled along painfully, though the desire to throw myself down was becoming imperative. Just ahead was Jim, sturdily holding his own. The others were reduced to a bare half-dozen.

It was about four in the afternoon when we reached the creek. Up it our leader plunged, till he came to a place where a rode shaft had been dug. We gathered around him. He was a typical prospector, a child of hope, lean, swarthy, clear-eyed.

"Here it is, boys," he said. "Here's my discovery stake. Now you fellows go up or down, anywhere you've a notion to, and

put in your stakes five hundred feet to a claim. You all know what a lottery it is. Maybe you'll stake a million-dollar claim, maybe a blank. Mining's all a gamble. But go ahead, boys. I wish you luck."

So we strung out, and, coming in rotation, Jim and I staked seven and eight below discovery.

"Seven's a lucky number for me," said Jim; "I've a notion this claim's a good one."

"I don't care," I said, "for all the gold in the world. What I want is sleep, sleep, rest and sleep."

So I threw myself down on a bit of moss, and, covering my head with my coat to ward off the mosquitoes, in a few minutes I was dead to the world.

CHAPTER XII

I was awakened by the Prodigal. "Rouse up," he was saying; "you've slept right round the clock. We've got to get back to town and record those claims. Jim's gone three hours ago."

It was five o'clock of a crystal Yukon morning, with the world clear cut and fresh as at the dawn of Things. I was sleep-stupor, sore, stiff in every joint. Racking pains made me groan at every movement, and the chill night air had brought on twinges of rheumatism. I looked at my location stake, beside which I had fallen.

"I can't do it," I said; "my feet are out of business."

"You must," he insisted. "Come, back up, old man. Bathe your feet in the creek, and then you'll feel as fit as a fighting-cock. We've got to get into town hot-foot. They've got a bunch of crooks at the gold office, and we're liable to lose our claims if we are late."

"Have you staked, too?"

"You bet. I've got thirteen below. Hurry up. There's a wild bunch coming from town."

I groaned grievously, yet felt mighty refreshed by a dip in the creek. Then we started off once more. Every few moments we would meet parties coming post-haste from town. They looked worn and jaded, but spread eagerly up and down the creek. There must have been several hundred of them, all sustained by the mad excitement of the stampede.

We did not take the circuitous route of the day before, but one that shortened the distance by some ten miles. We traveled a wild country, crossing unknown creeks that have since proved gold-bearing, and climbed along the high ridge of the divide. Then once more we dropped down into the Bonanza basin, and by nightfall we had reached our own cabin.

We lay down for a few hours. It seemed my weary head had just touched the pillow when once more the inexorable Prudential awakened me.

"Come on, kid, we've got to get to Dawson when the recording office opens." So once more we pelted down Bonanza. Fast as we had come, we found many of those who had followed us were ahead. The North is the land of the musher. In that pure, buoyant air a man can walk away from himself. Any one of us thought nothing of a fifty-mile tramp, and one of eighty was scarcely considered notable.

It was about nine in the morning when we got to the gold office. Already a crowd of stampedeers were waiting. Foremost of the crowd I saw Jim. The Prodigal looked thoughtful.

"Look here," he said, "I guess it's all right to push in with that bunch, but there's a slicker way of doing it for those that are 'next.' Of course, it's not according to Hoyle. There's a little side-door where you can get in ahead of the gang. See that fellow, Ten-Dollar Jim they call him; well, they say he can work the oracle for us."

"No," I said, "you can pay him ten dollars if you like. 'Til take my chance in the regulation way."

So the Prodigal slipped away from me, and presently I saw him admitted at the side entrance. Surely, thought I, there must be some mistake. The public would not "stand for" such things.

There was quite a number ahead of me, and I saw I was in for a long wait. I will never forget it. For three days, with the exception of two brief sleep-spells, I had been in a fierce roller-skater of excitement, and I had eaten no very satisfying food. As I stood in that sullen crowd I seared with weariness, and my legs were doubling under me. Invisible hands were dragging me down, throwing dust in my eyes, hypnotizing me with soporific gestures. I staggered forward and straight-

ened up suddenly. On the outskirts of the crowd I saw the Prodigal trying to locate me. When he saw me he waved a paper.

"Come on, you goat," he shouted; "have a little sense. I'm all fixed up."

I shook my head. An odd sense of fair play in me made me want to win the game squarely. I would wait my turn. Noon came. I saw Jim coming out, tired but triumphant.

"All right," he megaphoned to me; "I'm through. Now I'll go and sleep my head off."

How I envied him. I felt I, too, had a big bunch of sleep coming to me. I was moving forward slowly. Bit by bit I was wedging nearer the door. I watched man after man push past the coveted threshold. They were all miners, brawny, stubble-chinned fellows with grim, determined faces. I was certainly the youngest there.

"What have you got?" asked a thick-set man on my right.

"Eight below," I answered.

"Go! you're lucky."

"What'll you take for it?" asked a tall, keen-looking fellow on my left.

"Five thousand."

"Give you two."

"No."

"Well, come round and see me to-morrow at the Dominion, and we'll talk it over. My name's Gunson. Bring your papers."

"All right."

Something like dizziness seized me. Five thousand! The crowd seemed to be composed of angels and the sunshine to have a new and brilliant quality of light and warmth. Five thousand! Would I take it? If the claim was worth a cent it ought to be worth fifty thousand. I soared on rosy wings of optimism. I revelled in dreams. My claim! Mine! Right below! Other men had bounded into affluence. Why not I?

No longer did I notice the flight of time. I was ready to wait till doomsday. A new lease of strength came to me. I was near the wicket now. Only two were ahead of me. A clerk was recording their claims. One had thirty-four above, the other fifty-two below. The clerk looked flustered, fatigued. His dull eyes were puffy with midnight debauches; his flesh

sagged. In contrast with the clean, hard, hawk-eyed miners, he looked bleached and unwholesome.

Crossly he snatched from the other two their miner's certificates, made the entries in his book, and gave them their receipts. It was my turn now. I dashed forward eagerly. Then I stopped, for the man with the bleary eyes had snatched the wicket in my face.

"Three o'clock," he snapped.

"Could you take mine?" I faltered; "I've been waiting now these seven hours."

"Closing time," he ripped out still more tartly; "come again to-morrow."

There was a growling thunder from the crowd behind, and the weary, disappointed stampedeers slouched away.

Body and soul of me craved for sleep. Beyond an overwhelming desire for rest, I was conscious of nothing else. My eyelids were weighted with lead. I lagged along dejectedly. At the hotel I saw the Prodigal.

"Get fixed up?"

"No, too late."

"You'd better take advantage of the general corruption and the services of Ten-Dollar Jim."

I was disheartened, disgusted, desperate.

"I will," I said. Then, throwing myself on the bed, I launched on a dreamless sea of sleep.

CHAPTER XIII

Next morning bright and early found me at the side-door, and the tall man admitted me. I slipped a ten-dollar gold piece into his palm, and presently found myself waiting at the yet unopened wicket. Outside I could see the big crowd gathering for their weary wait. I felt a sneaking sense of meanness, but I did not have long to enjoy my despicable sensations.

The recording clerk came to the wicket. He was very red-faced and watery-eyed. Involuntarily I turned my head away at the look of his breath.

"I want to record eight below on Ophir," I said.

He looked at me curiously. He hesitated.

"What name?" he asked.

I gave it. He turned up his book.

"Eight below, you say. Why, that's already recorded."

"Can't be," I retorted. "I just got down from there yesterday after planting my stakes."

"Can't help it. It's recorded by some one else, recorded early yesterday."

"Look here," I exclaimed. "What kind of a game are you putting up on me? I tell you I was the first on the ground. I alone staked the claim."

"That's strange," he said. "There must be some mistake. Anyway, you'll have to move on and let the others get up to the wicket. You're blocking the way. All I can do is to look into the matter for you, and I've got no time now. Come back to-morrow. Next, please."

The next man pushed me aside, and there I stood, gaping and gasping. A man in the waiting line looked at me pityingly.

"It's no use, young fellow; you'd better make up your mind to lose that claim. They'll flim-flam you out of it somehow. They've sent some one out now to stake over you. If you kick, they'll say you didn't stake proper."

"But I have witnesses!" I said.

"It don't matter if you call the Angel Gabriel to witness, they're going to grab your claim. Them government officials is the crookedest bunch that ever made fuel for hell-fire. You won't get a square deal; they're going to get the fat anyhow. They've got the best claims spotted, an' men posted to jump them at the first chance. Oh! they're feathering their nest all right. They're like a lot of greedy pike just waiting to gobble down all they can. A man can't buy mine at twenty dollars per, and make dance-hall Flowers presents of diamond tanzanite on a government salary. That's what a lot of them are doing. Wine and women, and their wives an' daughters outside thinkin' they're little tin gods. Somehow they've got to foot the bill. Oh, it's a great country."

I was stunned with disappointment. "What you want," he continued, "is to get a pull with some of the officials. Why, there's friends of mine don't need to go out of town to stake a claim. Only the other day a certain party known to me, went to—well, I mustn't mention names, anyway, he's high up in the government, and a friend of Quebec Suzanne's

—and says to him, 'I want you to get number so and so on Hunker recorded for me. Of course I haven't been able to get out there, but—'

"The Government bag put his hands to his ears. 'Don't give me any unnecessary information,' he says, 'you want so and so recorded, Sam. Well, that's all right. I'll fix it.'"

"That was all there was to it, and when next day a man comes in post-haste claiming to have staked it, it was there recorded in Sam's name. Get a stand-in, young fellow."

"But surely," I said, "somehow, somewhere there must be justice. Surely if these facts were represented at Ottawa and proof forthcoming—"

"Ottawa!" He gave a sniffling laugh. "Ottawa! Why, it's some of the big guns at Ottawa that gettin' the cream of it all. The little fellows are just lapping up the drips. Look at them big consensuses they're selling for a song, good place ground that would mean pie to the poor miner, closed tight in the name of some man that came in here on a shoe-string. How does he get it? Why, there's some big man in Ottawa at the bottom of the whole dirty business. Look at the liquor grants—crude alcohol sent into the country by the thousand gallons, diluted to six times its bulk, and sold to the poor prospector for whisky at a dollar a drink. An' you can't pour your own drinks at that."

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to be cheated out of my claim. If I've got to move Heaven and earth—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind. If you get saucy, there's the police to put the lid on you. You can talk till you're purple round the gills. It won't cut no figure. They've got us all cinched. We've just got to take our medicine. It's no use goin' round belly-aching. You'd better go away and sit down."

And I did.

CHAPTER XIV

I had to see Berna at once. Already I had paid a visit to the Paragon Restaurant, that new and glittering place of resort run by the Winklestons, but she was not on duty. I saw madam, resplendent in her false jewelry, with her beetle-black hair elaborately coiffured, and her large bold face handsomely enamelled. She

looked the picture of fleshy prosperity, a big, handsome Jewess, hawk-eyed and rapacious. In the background hovered Winkleston, his little, squashed-up, talowy face beaded with perspiration. But he was dressed quite superbly, and his moustache was more wondrously waxed than ever.

I mingled with the crowd of miners, and in my rough garb, earthy and bearded as I was, the Jewish couple did not know me. As I paid her, madam gave me a sharp glance. But there was no recognisable gleam in her eyes.

In the evening I returned. I took a seat in one of the curtained boxes. At the long lunch-counter rough-necked fellows perched on tripod stools were gundling food. The place was brilliantly lit up, many-mirrored and fleshily ornate in gilt and white. The bill of fare was elaborated. The prices exalted. In the box before me a white-haired lawyer was entertaining a lady of easy virtue, in the box behind, a barrickin quartette from the Pavilion Theatre were holding high revelry. There was no mistaking the character of the place. In the heart of the city's tenderloin, it was a haunt of human riff-raff, a palace of gilt and guilt, a first scene in the nightly comedy of "The Lobster."

I was feeling profoundly depressed, miserable, disgusted with everything. For the first time I began to regret ever leaving home. Out on the creeks I was happy. Here in the town the glaring corruption of things jarred on my nerves.

And it was in this place Berna worked. She waited on these wantons; she served those vines. She heard their loose talk, their careless oaths. She saw them foally drunk, staggering off to their shameful assignations. She knew everything. O, it was pitiful; it sickened me to the soul. I sat down and buried my face in my hands.

"Order, please."

I knew that sweet voice. It thrilled me, and I looked up suddenly. There was Berna standing before me.

She gave a quick start, then recovered herself. A look of delight came into her eyes, eager, vivid delight.

"My, how you frightened me, I wasn't expecting you. Oh, I am so glad to see you again."

I looked at her. I was conscious of a change in her, and the consciousness came with a sense of shattering pain.

"Berna," I said, "what are you doing with that point on your face?"

"Oh, I'm sorry." She was rubbing distastefully at a dab of rouge on her cheek. "I knew you would be cross, but I had to; they made me. They said I looked like a spectre at the feast with my chalk face. I frightened away the customers. It's just a little pink—all the women do it. It makes me look happier, and it doesn't hurt me any."

"What I want is to see in your cheeks, dear, the glow of honest health, not the flush of a cosmetic. However, never mind. How are you?"

"Pretty well—," hesitatingly.

"Berna," boomed the rough voice of madam, "attend to the customers."

"All right," I said; "get me anything. I just wanted to see you."

She hurried away. I saw her go behind the curtains of one of the closed boxes carrying a tray of dishes. I heard coarse voices chaffing her. I saw her come out, her cheeks flushed, yet not with rouge. A miner had tried to hold her. Somehow it all made me writhe, agitate me so that I could hardly keep my seat.

Presently she came hurrying round, bringing me some food.

"When can I see you, girl?" I asked.

"To-night. See me home. I'm off at midnight."

"All right. I'll be waiting."

She was kept very busy, and, though once or twice a tipsy roustabout ventured on some rough pleasantry, I noticed with returning satisfaction that most of the big, bearded miners treated her with chivalrous respect. She was quite friendly with them. They called her by name, and seemed to have a genuine affection for her. There was a protective manliness in the manner of these men that reassured me. So I swallowed my meal and left the place.

"That's a good little girl," said a grizzled old fellow to me, as he stood picking his teeth energetically outside the restaurant. "Straight as a string, and there ain't many up here you can say that of. If any one was to try any monkey business with that little girl, sir, there's a dozen of the boys would make him a first-rate case for

the hospital ward. Yes, sir, that's a jimm-dandy little girl. I just wish she was my derter."

In my heart I blessed him for his words, and pressed on him a fifty-cent cigar.

Again I wandered up and down the now familiar street, but the keen edge of my impression had been blunted. I no longer took the same interest in its sights. More populous it was, noisier, livelier than ever. In the gambling-annex of the Paystreak Saloon I saw Mr. Mosher shuffling and dealing methodically. Everywhere I saw flushed and excited miners, each with his substantial poke of dust. It was usually as big as a pork-sausage, yet it was only his spending-poke. Safely in the bank he had cached half a dozen of them ten times as big.

These were the halcyon days. Success was in the air. Men were drunk with it; carried off their feet, delirious. Money! It had lost its value. Every one you met was "loosey" with it; there it was away with both hands, and fast as they emptied one pocket it filled up the others. Little wonder a mad elation, a semi-frenzy of prodigality was in the air, for every day the golden valley was pouring into the city a seemingly exhaustless stream of treasure.

I saw big Sandy, one of the leading operators, coming down the street with his men. He carried a Winchester, and he had a pack-trail of barrels, each laden down with gold. At the bank flushed and eager mobs were clamouring to have their pokes weighed. In buckets, coal-oil cans, every kind of receptacle, lay the precious dust. Sweating clerks were handling it as carelessly as a grocer handles sugar. Goldsmiths were making it into wonders of barbaric jewelry. There seemed no limit to the camp's wealth. Every one was mad, and the demi-mondaine was queen of all.

I saw Hewson and Mervin. They had struck it rich on a property they had bought on Hunker. Fortune was theirs.

"Come and have a drink," said Hewson. Already he had had many. His face was relaxed, flushed, sleekly showing signs of a flabby degeneration. In this man of iron sudden success was insidiously at work, enervating his powers.

Mervin, too. I caught a glimpse of him, in the doorway of the Green Bay Tree. The Maccaroni Kid had him in tow, and he was buying wine.

I looked in vain for Locasto. He was on a big debauch, they told me. Viola Lenoir had "got him going."

At midnight, at the door of the Paragon, I was writing in a fever of impatience when Berna came out.

"I'm living up at the cabin," she said; "you can walk with me as far as that. That is, if you want to," she added coquettishly.

She was very bright and did most of the talking. She showed a vast joy at seeing me.

"Tell me what you've been doing, dear—everything. Have you made a stake? So many have. I have prayed you would, too. Then we'll go away somewhere and forget all this. We'll go to Italy, where it's always beautiful. We'll just live for each other. Won't we, dear?"

She nestled up to me. She seemed to have lost much of her shyness. I don't know why, but I preferred my timid shrinking Berna.

"It will take a whole lot to make me forget this," I said grimly.

"Yes, I know. Isn't it frightful? Somehow I don't seem to mind so much now. I'm getting used to it, I suppose. But at first, O, it was terrible! I thought I never could stand it. It's wonderful how we get accustomed to things, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered bitterly. "You know, those rough miners are good to me. I'm a queen among them, because they know I'm—all right. I've had several offers of marriage, too, really, really good ones from wealthy claim-owners."

"Yes," still more bitterly. "Yes, young man; so you want to make a strike and take me away to Italy. Oh, my dear, how I plan and plan for us two. I don't care, my dearest, if you haven't got a cent in the world, I'm yours, always yours."

"That's all right, Berna," I said. "I'm going to make good. I've just lost a fifty-thousand dollar claim, but there's more coming up. By the first of June next I'll come to you with a bank account of six figures. You'll see, my little girl. I'm going to make this thing stick."

"O, you foolish boy," she said; "it doesn't matter if you come to me a beggar in rags. Come to me anyway. Oh, come, and do not fail."

"What about Locasto?" I asked.

"I've scarcely seen anything of him. He leaves me alone. I think he's interested elsewhere."

"And are you sure you're all right, dear, down there?"

"Quite sure, my dearest. These men would risk their lives for me. The other kind know enough to leave me alone. Besides, I know better now how to take care of myself. You remember the frightened cry-baby I used to be—well, I've learned to hold my own."

She was extraordinarily affectionate, full of unexpected little ways of endearment, and clung to me when we parted, making me promise to return very soon. Yes, she was my girl, devoted to me, attached to me by every tendril of her being. Every look, every word, every act of her expressed a bright, fine, radiant love. I was satisfied, yet unsatisfied, and once again I trembled.

"Berna, are you sure, quite sure, you're all right in that place among all that folly and drunkenness and vice? Let me take you away, dear."

"Oh, no," she said very tenderly; "I'm all right. I would tell you at once, my boy, if I had any fear. That's just what a poor girl has to put up with all the time; that's what I've had to put up with all my life. Believe me, boy, I'm wonderfully blind and deaf at times. I don't think I'm very bad, am I?"

"You're as good as gold."

"For your sake I'll always try to be," she answered.

As we were kissing good-bye she asked timidly:

"What about the roags, dear? Shall I cease to use it?"

"Poor little girl. Oh, no, I don't suppose it matters. I've got very old-fashioned ideas. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye, beloved."

I went away treading on sunshine, trembling with joy, thrilled with love for her, blessing her anew.

Yet still the roags stuck in my eye as if it were the symbol of some insidious decadence.

CHAPTER XV

It was about two months later when I returned from a flying visit to Dawson.

"Lots of mail for you two," I cried excitedly, bursting into the cabin.

"Mail? Hoorsy!"

Jim and the Prodigal, who were lying on their bunks, leapt up eagerly. No one longs for his letters like your Northern exile, and for two whole months we had not heard from the outside.

"Yes, I got over fifty letters between us three. Drew about a dozen myself, there's half-a-dozen for you, Jim, and the balance for you, old sport."

I handed the Prodigal about two dozen letters.

"Ha! now we'll have the whole evening just to browse on them. My, what a stack! How was it you had a time getting them?"

"Well, you see, when I got into town the mail had just been sorted, and there was a string of over three hundred men waiting at the general delivery wicket. I took my place at the tail-end of the line, and every newcomer fell in behind me. My! but it was such weary waiting, moving up step by step; but I'd just about got there when closing-time came. They wouldn't give out any more mail—after my three hours' wait, too."

"What did you do?"

"Well, it seemed every one gives way to the women-folk. So I happened to see a girl friend of mine, and she said she would go round next thing in the morning and inquire if there were any letters for us. She brought me this bunch."

I indicated the pile of letters.

"I told lots of women in town make a business of getting letters for men, and charge a dollar a letter. It's awful how that Post Office is run. Half of the clerks seem scarcely able to read the addresses on the envelopes. It's positively sad to watch the faces of the poor wretches who get nothing, knowing, too, that the chances are there is really something for them sorted away in a wrong box."

"That's pretty tough."

"Yes, you should have seen them; men just ravenous to hear from their families: a half-soaked clerk carelessly shuffling through a pile of letters. 'Beachwood, did you say? Nope, nothing for you.' 'Hold on there! what's that in your hand?' 'Surely I know my wife's writing.' 'Beachwood—yep, that's right. Looked like Beachwood to me. All right. Next there.' Then the man would go off with his letter, looking half-wretched, half-radiant. Well,

I enjoyed my trip, but I'm glad I'm home."

I threw myself on my bunk voluptuously, and began re-reading my letters. There were some from Garry and some from Mother. While still unreconciled to the life I was leading, they were greatly interested in my wildly cheerful accounts of the country. They were disposed to be less censorious, and I for my part was only too glad Mother was well enough to write, even if she did scold me sometimes. So I was able to open my mail without misgivings.

But I was still aglow with memories of the last few hours. Once more I had seen Berna, spent moments with her of perfect bliss, left her with my mind full of exaltation and bewildered gratitude. She was the perfect answer to my heart's call, a mirror that seemed to flash back the challenge of my joy. I saw the love mist gather in her eyes. I felt her sweet lips would themselves to mine. I thrilled with the shattering ardor of her arms. Never in my fondled imagings had I conceived that such a wealth of affection would ever be for me. Buoyant she was, brave, inspiring, and always with her buoyancy so wondrously tender I felt that willingly would I die for her.

Once again I told her of my fear, my anxiety for her safety among those rough men in that cesspool of iniquity. Very earnestly she strove to reassure me.

"Oh, my dear, it is in those rough men, the uncouth, big-hearted miners that I place my trust. They know I'm a good girl. They wouldn't say a coarse thing before me for the world. You've no idea the chivalrous respect they show for me, and the rougher they are the finer their instincts seem to be. It's the others, the so-called gentlemen, who would like to take advantage of me if they could."

She looked at me with bright, clear eyes, fearless in their scorn of shame and pretense.

"Then there are the women. It's strange, but no matter how degraded they are they try to shield and protect me. Only last week Kimona Kate made a fearful scene with her escort because he said something bad before me. I'm getting tolerant. Oh, you've no idea until you know them what good qualities some of these women have. Often their hearts are

as big as all out-doors; they would nurse you devotedly if you were sick; they would give you their last dollar if you were in want. Many of them have old mothers and little children they're supporting outside, and they would rather die than that their dear ones should know the life they are living. It's the men, the men that are to blame."

I shook my head sadly.

"I don't like it, Berna, I don't like it at all. I hate you to know the life of such people, such things. I just want you to be again the dear, sweet little girl I first knew, all maidenly modesty and shuddering aversion of evil."

"I'm afraid, dear, I shall never be that again," she said sorrowfully; "but am I any the worse for knowing? Why should you men want to keep all such knowledge to yourselves? Is our innocence simply to be another name for ignorance?"

She put her arms round my neck and kissed me fervently.

"Oh, no, my dear, my dear. I have seen the wildest of things, and it only makes me more in love with love and beauty. We'll go, you and I, to Italy very soon, and forget, forget. Even if we have to toil like peasants in the vineyards, we'll go, far, far away."

So I felt strengthened, stimulated, gladdened, and, as I lay on my bunk listening to the merry crackle of the wood fire, I felt in a purring lethargy of content. The I remembered something.

"Oh, my, boys, I forgot to tell you. I met McCrimmon down the creek. You remember him on the trail; the half-breed. He was asking after you both; then all at once he said he wanted to see us on important business. He has a proposal to make, he says, that would be greatly to our advantage. He's coming along this evening—What's the matter, Jim?"

Jim was staring blankly at one of the letters he had received. His face was a

picture of distress, misery, despair. Without replying, he went and knelt down by his bed. He sighed deeply. Slowly his face grew calm again; then I saw that he was praying. We were silent in respectful sympathy, but 'tween, in a little, he got up and went out, I followed him.

"Had bad news, old man?"

"I've had a letter that's upset me. I'm in a terrible position. If ever I wanted strength and guidance, I want it now."

"Heard about that man?"

"Yes, it's him, all right; it's Mosher. I suspected it all along. Here's a letter from my brother. He says there's no doubt that Mosher is Mosley."

His eyes were stormy, his face tragic in its bitterness.

"Oh, you don't know how I worshipped that woman, trusted her, would have banked my life on her; and when I was away making money for her she ups and goes away with that slimy reptile. In the old days I would have torn him to pieces, but now—"

He sighed distractedly.

"What am I to do? What am I to do? The Good Book says forgive your enemies, but how can I forgive a wrong like that? And my poor girl—he deserted her, drove her to the streets. O, if I could kill him by slow torture, gloat over his agony—but I can't, can I?"

"No, Jim, you can't do anything. Vengeance is the Lord's."

"Yes, I know, I know. But it's hard, it's hard. O my girl, my girl!"

Tears over-ran his cheeks. He sat down on a log, burying his face in his hands.

"O God, help and sustain me in this my hour of need."

I was at a loss how to comfort him, and it was while I was waiting there that suddenly we saw the half-breed coming up the trail.

"Better come in, Jim," I said, "and hear what he's got to say."

(To be continued.)

Holland from an Angle

By

A. L. H.

ONE'S conception of Holland depends, very largely, upon what one is, and upon the angle from which one views it. The Germans are said to have designs upon it as a factor in their military ambitions. If therefore, one is German and of a war-like nature, one sees the strategical characteristics of the little Kingdom and nothing more. The English are wont to regard it as an interesting country worthy of English consideration and the protection of the Foreign office. The Americans corrupt the manners of the guides and create high prices in the brass kettle market, and in the markets for other souvenirs. The Canadian agriculturalist admires Holland's cattle and its dairying accomplishments. Or the Artist—for artists belong to no nation but the Kingdom of Paint—haunts its galleries or pitches his easel by the side of a dyke.

But if one is neither German, nor English nor American; and if one is unlearned alike in dairying and painting, Holland wears still another aspect. One sees it as a delightful little Kingdom, full, it is true, of historic associations, and of present day color and homeliness—in the original sense of that word—but above all, a place to take "trips," to find refreshment and rest after being surfeited with the newness of Columbus' discovery. We discourse with pride on the presence of virgin forests and virgin prairie, in Canada. We sniff with elation the smell of bricks and mortar which intimates that the town we inhabit is growing. But Holland wears, as it might be said, an air of antiquity like the Dutch caps on the overdone pictures of the Dutch girl. Her scenery is not sensational nor yet is it dull. It is restful. One retires early and remembers one's friends, pleasantly.



A GROUP COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.





A TYPICAL FARMHOUSE

It is almost ridiculous to think of using a train in exploring Holland. One can get all through the country in an incredibly short space of time by any ordinary means; and to make use of a train, unless it be for business purposes, is to be too expeditious altogether. The railways are indeed very good ones, well-run and quite comfortable, for the heavy volume of Holland's commerce, to say nothing of the dignity that doth hedge her Crown, necessitates the most modern things in transportation. But to become acquainted with Holland, to know it intimately, the train is inadequate. The canal boat is its superior.

The canal boat moves like an indignant woman, of much weight, with her nose in the air. She—for canal boats have many feminine characteristics—progresses slowly and heavily, almost with dignity. Her hull may be of any weird size or shape; her deck plans may be of the most fantastic conception; her hull is probably trimmed with broad bands of brilliant emerald green, or flaming red, or bright

yellow; but her pace is steady. She hurries for nothing. She may, it is true, run her nose into the bank or bump gently into the end of another vessel, but she only grunts and staggers, and having been pushed off again, goes forward, doggedly. Her broad deck is hospitable and her skipper not often unkind, so that with a little tea and a camp stool, one may book a passage and see Holland as one may never see it from the window of a mad Dutch train that is always running away from the landscape.

"She" takes you into the country—does the canal boat, and from your camp stool you may observe the life of the Hollanders, "purring along," as it were. A train, arriving and departing, makes excitement; but a canal boat—never. As one drops slowly down from village to village, with an extensive view of flat farm country stretching away to the horizon, with mill-wheels here and there for ornament, or a long avenue of magnificent poplars not far away, one may observe Dutch life in its simplicity and earnest

industry under the most favorable circumstances. True, the flat fields may appear to be somewhat uninteresting, divided as they are into mere square and oblong strips of level land, each surrounded with its own diminutive canal, with a painted white gate on each tiny 'bridge' to safeguard each small domain from the intrusion of roving cattle, but then it provokes whole minutes of amusement to see, for instance, how these very cattle will stare at each other across a ditch, or follow along the brink on either side of the narrow water-way, for hours at a time, without ever attempting to break bounds. They cannot have any imagination, these Dutch cattle! Like some people, they adventure nothing. Magnificent as animals, large, sleek and mild eyed, with their black coats fairly shining, they are wonderful models for the animal painter and examples for the Canadian farmer in the results of proper stabling and care; but that is all. They are no kin to the temperamental steer raging in a western corral.

In Canada we have no conception of the cleanliness of a Dutch dairy stable and yet in Canada one is fairly safe in drinking unsterilized milk. Not so is it in Holland. Although it is a revelation to visit the cow-stables at Mounikendam, and although the building is light, airy, odorless, spotless, floor and walls made of a dark composite material easily kept clean, steel stall-rings and brass fittings shining resplendent,—you must not drink the milk which the buxom Dutch girl in the adjoining cheese setting room may offer you. For it harbors typhoid fever. With all the outward show of cleanliness and despite the fact that the cow-herder sleeps in a hole in the wall of the cow-stable, so as to be beside his charges at all times, the vessels in which the milk is placed communicate to the milk, germs which they have accumulated from the filthy canal water with which the Dutch woman has washed the receptacles.

It is not an exaggeration to say that you could have eaten from the floors of the cheese-setting rooms next the actual cow-



AFTER MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL

stable at Mounikandam. One could not help wondering how these people manage to get things so clean, for ordinary means in our experience fail to produce anything approaching similar results. Surrounding the particular stable to which I refer, was a plot of ground laid out in lawn, flower-bed and clipped path, and yet the canal nearby deflected this whole array of hygienic precautions.

Almost all Holland uses the water from the canals, except for the comparatively

apparent enjoyment. He must have imported germs into his system yet he surely survives else there would be no boys left in Holland at all.

The cheese market at Alkmaar repays even the most blasé tripper for his pains in going to see it. Alkmaar itself, is a rather out-of-the-way little place and yet it is the centre of distribution for the famous Dutch cheese. Week after week thousands of the monotonously round little affairs are loaded into the canal boats



GOSSIP—AND A DISCUSSION OF MARKET PRICES.

few houses that can afford a well. Half the time the canals are stagnant and filthy. Yet with this water the coppers and brasses are washed, and since the Dutch wife cannot be depended upon to sterilize the vessels it behooves the thirsty traveler not to be tempted by a glass of foaming white unless, first, it has been boiled. Over the natives it may be that the germs possess no power. One may see a Dutch boy, walking by the canal, suddenly slip off his wooden foot-gear, dip it into the canal and refresh himself—with

—perhaps the very one on which you yourself have arrived or are departing. The market square teems with life and color. Market carts with large black hoods rattle in over the brick pavement and deposit their freights as near the Market Hall as they can get, for under the ancient tower all the weighing and voaching is done. When the cheese have passed this stage they are carried in "boats" to the edge of the canal, where they are shot down a wooden shaft by a Dutchman with a face not unlike one of the cheese to an-

other Dutchman, probably with similar facial characteristics, whose duty it is to pile them, tier above tier, to the gunwale of the barge.

Holland's incongruities manifest themselves at almost every turn. One is amazed at the difference in manners and customs. "In a country where "peasantry" are recognized as a class, one does not expect the easy familiarity of a republican country such as the United States where "equality" is the cry of everyone from

collector or counsellor. The clerk in a large department store in Amsterdam, declared his admiration of my small daughter of seven and invited her to correspond, by picture post card, with his own son of an approximate age. On the other hand, nothing exceeds the pride and haughtiness of the Dutch aristocracy. The whole nation is jealous of the dignity of the Crown. In the field of art the country is justly proud of its great achievements, while in many museums are displayed



WITH THE SEA-WIND IN THEIR FACES.

the bell-boy down. In Holland your host at the inn will treat you as his personal friend. The man who sells you bric-a-brac at the little shop down the street will invite you to go for a walk with him on Sunday afternoons. If you go he will probably discuss with you art or politics, just as you please. If he finds you know anything of the former he will, at parting, issue another invitation to drop down to his shop next morning when he promises to unearth, for your benefit, some hidden treasures, stored only for the

canvasses and articles which should be relegated to the attic.

The Dutch "gamin" is the avowed enemy of the traveling artist. He wages constant war on the painter or sketcher—fury and blue air following in his wake, or preceding him when he pursues. From a distance he arms himself with stones or soft mud, then he approaches the unwary artist with soft footfall. The artist is intent on his work. The gamin approaches under pretext of interest, then suddenly, without warning, a volley of stones and mud

strikes the canvas or, for that matter, any convenient object, such as the head or the hands or the person of the unhappy artist. The easel collapses. The canvas is prostrate, probably ruined. Pursuit is of no avail for the culprit has already jumped the canal into the next field, and is off and away. I was amused to see, from the window of my hotel, a distinguished American artist, well known for all the charming things he has told us about in

"From under the White Umbrella," sketching away peacefully, on the brink of the canal, under the protection of a stalwart policeman, who was doing sentry duty to ward off the attacks of these young hornets. I was told that this aggressive attitude was assumed by the young blood of Holland at the time of the Boer War and was supposed to be a demonstration of their hostile spirit towards the English.

QUATRAINS TO OMAR

1.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine—a loaf of bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Then wilderness were Paradise enow."
'Twas thus wrote Omar Khayyam, did he guess
That this quaint vision of his happiness
Should draw our souls to it's simplicity,
Should make us yearn for neither more nor less?
That ever as the weary caravan
Winds o'er the dry, the desert life of man,
Trustful we say, To-morrow's sun shall see
Accomplished what we to-day began—
And yet that morrow's sun doth stoop and move
From his high station in the heaven above,
There's one to-morrow less—and we, poor fools
Have found nor bread, nor wine, nor song, nor love.

2.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."
Be it then true that this our grim old earth
Breeds out of Death some fresher, fairer birth,
Drives in our fleshly tegument—until
The seed of sorrow yields the fruit of mirth;—
Then welcome Death—that I—who one time bore
A lily on my breast in days of yore,
May seek corruption, till a stranger's hand
Shall pluck the lily that was Me—before.

—Allen Sullivan.

Jenkins and his Money

The gentle art of dropping nickels in a tin bank
expounded upon and the benefits thereof indicated

By J. T. Stirrett

YOUNG Jenkins sat in the office and looked out past the tall buildings at the sky, arching above him like an inverted steel bowl studded with cold jewels. The rest of the staff had gone home. The caretaker was emptying the waste-paper baskets into a big sack. The scrub-women were lifting their pails and oil brooms out of the elevator.

Jenkins was growing, mentally.

He received thirty-two dollars a week and had nothing left, and—he hated his employer. As a small boy, in the habit of reading Sunday School books, he had made the acquaintance of numerous Godly youths who loved their masters and who were invariably rewarded for this affection by marrying their masters' daughters. After some years of experience in granite world, he had concluded that those characters were either fiction, or medicinal. He had worked for three employers and had disliked all three. It was the very bond—the bond of salary—that drew him to them, yet at the same time made him hate them. He was not a socialist. He understood that before a man is obeyed he must obey. But it was the apparent permanency of his position as one of the EMPLOYED that chafed him. Down the vista of the years he could see himself walking behind an employer. It galled him. He did not like to think of himself as a "faithful employee," a good "old trusty," a confidential clerk. Jenkins wanted to be a master himself. He was worrying because he could not see it coming to him.

He was a clever man in his business but salary increases were hard to get. To get them he was forced to rely upon poker tactics, with this difference, that he "bluffed" with the high cards in his hand.

The increases came when other firms made him offers and his own, grudgingly, was compelled to come up, or lose their man. Jenkins had learned to distrust any employer that praised him too often. He had learned that it was often supposed to take the place of salary.

The caretaker interrupted him to reach under the desk for a piece of paper. Jenkins nodded good-night. Given this encouragement, the caretaker made overtures for a little conversation. His was a homesome job.

"I see there was a big rise in Rio!" he said, referring to headlines in the evening paper that lay spread on a desk in front of Jenkins.

"Eh?" said Jenkins, who had started back into his ramshackle room again, "What'd you say, Peter?"

"I say there was quite a fuss in the Exchange to-day. I made three hundred m'self."

Jenkins noticed that the caretaker's face was beaming with satisfaction.

"Three hundred! How's that?"
"I had a hundred shares," returned the man with the waste-paper sack. "She went up three and I sold."

"Oh, stocks?" said Jenkins vaguely, "I wish I'd had a little Rio."

"Buy it!" whispered the caretaker, "Buy it the first time the market gets quiet again. She's going up I know." Then he passed on, out of range of Jenkins' desk.

"Buy it!" echoed Jenkins. "Buy it! I haven't paid for my winter overcoat yet, and yet—look at that caretaker!"

But Jenkins did not realize that he was living according to a certain standard that did not trouble the caretaker in the least. Nobody cared how little the caretaker

spent. Nobody cared where he lived or how much he spent on his table or his clothing. But They DID with Jenkins—or Jenkins thought they did. Jenkins had friends, a little social standing, calls to make, hospitality to return. He made far more than the caretaker could dream of earning but he spent all of it—much of it unwisely—while the caretaker probably spent only four-fifths of his smaller income.

Jenkins started in to think.

"In this country a little bit of capital opens the door to a thousand opportunities. A little in the bank may be drawn out and put into a real estate deal, into a legitimate stock venture. With a few more dollars and a clean reputation, a man may get into business for himself out West, or right here in town."

Jenkins was beginning to realize that he was like a tube in the Mint. The gold was being poured through him without a speck of it sticking to him. He began to see that capital is the accumulation of the surplus energies of one's youth and one's prime, so that in the later days when one's energy is less, or when it has failed, the surpluses of youth and middle life, support old age. He began to see that accumulated money is the crystallization of material power, the power to DO greater things than the mere work of a single cog in a machine.

Jenkins arrived at the further conclusion that there are only a few ways of accumulating it. There was only one way applicable in his case. That was, to cut down his little extravagances and save it—even just enough so that he could start investing it. He began to recall cases among his friends.

One of his friends who had been working on a small salary saw his inevitable end, if his present course were continued. It took him three years to save five hundred dollars. During that time he studied stocks carefully. He concluded that in the game of "in and out" he would be at a hopeless disadvantage. Ignorant of the inner mechanism of the market, he would be at the mercy of the big interests which controlled it, and would have his savings dissipated in the suicidal game of temporary buying at small margins. He spent the first year studying a dozen

stocks. At the end of the third year he had decided upon one. By that time he knew everything worth knowing about the company, its organization, capital, assets, real and imaginary, record, production, cost of operation, in short, he was almost as familiar with its business as its manager. The stock was selling at sixty and had not fluctuated more than a point in two years. It paid three per cent. He bought twenty-five shares on a margin of ten dollars per share. This took half his capital, leaving the rest in reserve in case of a call for more margin. For the next five years he saved two hundred dollars a year. Half this amount went annually to buy more shares of stock at a ten point margin. At the end of the fifth year he had seventy-five shares of stock and seven hundred and fifty dollars in reserve. In the meantime the stock had risen to one hundred, as he thought it would when he completed his three years' study of the company. His holding was worth three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, which brought his capital up to four thousand five hundred dollars.

Six years ago another young man was working as a druggist's apprentice in Toronto. He was saving money for a specific purpose, pay a year's tuition at college. When he graduated he began to save on principle and in two years accumulated four hundred dollars. He had been studying the growth of the city for years, taking long walks about the outskirts and counting the new houses. He bought thirty feet of land in the west end at four dollars a foot. Then he put up a drug store with the assistance of a loan company and stocked it on credit. He worked late and early with intelligence and saved his money. To-day his land is worth sixty dollars a foot and his store is clear of debt.

Several years ago a young woman in Toronto faced a problem which confronts many members of her sex. She was earning her living as a school teacher. The bloom of her youth was past and she had refused several offers of marriage because she was a high minded woman and had her ideals. The probability was that she would remain single. She immediately began to lay aside part of her salary. In

three years she had seven hundred dollars. During a summer vacation she took a trip West and had some long conferences with a relative who was a real estate man in the wonderful town of Saskatoon. She bought a section of land at six dollars an acre and paid seven hundred dollars down. For five years she paid interest and instalments on the principal. Then she sold at twenty-six dollars an acre, clearing over twelve thousand dollars on the transaction. She re-invested the money and went abroad for a year.

A young man of considerable ability married the daughter of a moderately wealthy man. Not a cent of dowry did she get. The young husband bought a house and borrowed the money to pay for it from his father-in-law, who took a mortgage for almost the full value of it. During the next ten years he exacted every payment of interest and principal with a severity which would have disconcerted Shylock. Not even illness was accepted as a legitimate excuse for leniency. By dint of rigid economy and careful planning, the house was paid for at the end of the ten years, but the parties were almost completely estranged.

"Well," said the middle-aged husband as he came home after paying the last cent, "Old Scratch has got his own at last."

"I never thought that my father could have been so mean," replied his wife.

Almost before she had finished speaking, the door opened and the person in question entered.

"I suppose you think I have been a hard man all these years," he remarked.

The silence of the room signified assent.

"When you were married I looked into the future," continued the old man. "Both of you were self-indulgent and knew little about thrift. Had I given you this house then you would have quickly put a mortgage on it and would have lost it ultimately. I really gave it to you but I made you pay for it to teach you to save money. Every cent you gave me I have invested, with the result that to-day you have your house clear of debt and twice its value in cash."

Eight years ago a young school teacher got married at the ripe age of nineteen years. As he was in receipt of a salary of four hundred dollars per annum, his relatives decided that his last chapter had been written. But they made a mistake. He taught three years and managed to save about two hundred dollars. Then he left his wife and child and went West. He entered a real estate office in a thriving city and worked night and day familiarizing himself with the details of the business. When he saved enough money he brought his wife and family from the East. For the next few years he saved and invested. To-day he receives a salary of two thousand dollars per annum and has a snug capital besides.

"There's going to be another of these fine moral anecdotes narrated for the benefit of posterity," said Jenkins, springing up, "and I know who will be the 'hero.'"

Then he rang up several of the boys and said that he had changed his mind about the theatre party and the little supper afterward.



A Rose Street Adventure

By

Clifford Howard

THOSE of you who live in Toronto and have heard of Miss Mackerel—Miss Ethel Mackerel—not only know that her name is accented on the last syllable (thereby delicately enhancing its face value), but you also know that she is an exceptionally dignified and cultured young lady.

Both of these facts regarding Miss Mackerel I learned for the first time when, as a stranger in the city, I was on the eve of calling upon her at the request of my sister Rebecca. When Rebecca learned that I had gone to live in Toronto, she at

once wrote to me that I must meet her old school friend, as through her I could gain entrance to the best and most exclusive circles of Toronto society. Also, at the same time, she wrote to Ethel that I was here and would call upon her.

Rebecca has always been ambitious for me; and as much to please her as to advance my own interests, I undertook to call on Miss Mackerel.

It was by no means a comfortable task for me. I am naturally a timid man, particularly in the company of fastidious women. Perhaps I am too self-conscious. At all events, when the evening arrived on which I had arranged to call on Miss Mackerel I really was quite nervous. I am always more or less nervous when preparing for a social call, and such scraps of information as I had gathered concerning the present young lady contributed much to my customary agitation.

In the first place, she lived in a most aristocratic neighborhood—on Rose Street, to be exact; and those of you who live west of the Saskatchewan will realize what this means when I tell you that the mere tone in which I first heard this street mentioned by an old Torontonian prompted me to lift my hat. And, in the second place, I had learned that this aristocratic young lady was not only exceptionally dignified and cultured, but that she was also extremely critical. Herself a marvel of good breeding and punctilio, she admitted to her enviable circle of acquaintances only such as could measure up to her exacting standard of cultivation.

It is small wonder, therefore, that I approached her house in a state of trepidation. The fear lest I should fail to make a favorable impression and thereby ruin the social opportunities that lay open to

me through her Rose-Street doorway, quite unnerved me. Were I a ready conversationalist or an adept in the niceties of conventional society, I should not have flinched; but, having a mere modicum of ceremonial experience to draw upon, and being by nature both meek and bashful and constitutionally deficient in the nimble graces of parlor finesse, I could not but anticipate the ordeal with many doubts and misgivings.

I know now I should have responded to my intuitions and stayed away. As it was, however, I rashly determined to overcome my fears, and the result was only what might have been expected.

To begin with, I encountered a dog. Next to a snake, there is nothing that so utterly terrifies me as a dog. This particular one was a fox terrier, and he was guarding Miss Mackerel's house. He was lying at the broad front steps, and as I approached and showed signs of wanting to come up, he growled at me.

I thought that if I walked on down to the end of the block and came back later, he might in the meantime be called in. So I sauntered by and went to the next corner, and by and by I walked back again—on the opposite side of the street. The dog was still lying on the step. It was already quarter of nine and I thought it would be foolish to wait around any longer, in the hope of having the dog go inside. I felt, also, that it would be wiser for me to go home, but I regarded this as unbecoming, and accordingly I crossed the street, grasping my cane in the middle and endeavoring to ignore the shivers that best me.

I have found that most dogs respond more or less pleasantly to the name of Buster, and accordingly I called this one Buster, and spoke to him in such a way as to impress him with the belief that I loved him. At the sound of my voice he got up and wagged what was left of his tail, which I interpreted as a good omen. In spite of my fears, therefore, I mounted the steps and rang the bell, while Buster nosed about my legs, alternately whining and snorting.

I expected every moment he would bite me, and it was therefore a decided relief when the maid opened the door. I devoutly hoped she would not permit Bus-



SHE REMARKED GRACIOUSLY THAT I WAS EVIDENTLY FOND OF DOGS

ter to come in, for I knew I should not be able to do myself justice as a caller if I had constantly hanging over me the knowledge that there was a dog loose in the house. However, Buster at once squeezed in between me and the doorstep, and though the maid did make some sort of a hasty attempt to close him out she did not insist upon it; and Buster, looking upon me as the means of getting him into the house, showed his gratitude by jumping up at me and leaving the mark of a dirty paw on my shirt-bosom. I did not like to offer any protest before the maid, so I merely smiled and in a tone of bewitching playfulness called him a naughty dog.

As a result of this show of friendliness, he insisted upon coming into the parlor with me, where he continued to jump about me and sniff at my shoes. I longed desperately to give him a kick; but I was afraid. And, besides, it would not have been proper. As an inmate of Miss



TO THINK WITH, I ENCOUNTERED A DOG.

Mackerel's house, the dog was immune from all harm or outward criticism on the part of a guest. That, I believe, is one of the canons of etiquette. Nevertheless, I did venture to assume a sudden harshness of voice and tell him to get out. But he immediately harked at me and threw me into a perfect chill of terror. My only hope of relief, therefore, lay in the coming of his mistress. Surely, she would order him out. But no, she did not. She indulged his presence with a composure no less dignified and unruffled than that with which she accepted the presence of the piano or myself. In fact, when she came in she made no comment upon him at all, except to remark graciously, as he leaped up on my lap and snuggled at my *boutonniers*, that I was evidently fond of dogs. Of course, in order to be polite, I told her I was—especially of fox terriers; and that she might believe I admired her pet in particular. I courageously touched him on the head and stammered some feeble compliment about his aristocratic face; after which he jumped down and began sniffing about the room.

My nervousness because of the dog almost wholly unfitted me for any discriminating appraisement of Miss Mackerel and her elegant surroundings. I merely realized that she was a tall, slender woman, of the De Maurier type, very tastefully attired, and possessed of a manner that was scrupulously polite, but uncomfortably cold and formal.

Had she proved in any way approachable or sympathetic, I should have been tempted to confess my weakness and ask her to remove the dog. As it was, however, she proved even more dignified than I had anticipated, and consequently I did not dare make any reference to the beast. I held my knees pressed tightly together, so that she might not see how they shook, and did the best I could to appear at ease while keeping up my end of the conversation.

I think we talked mainly about books. I am not sure. Most of my remarks were automatic. My thoughts were centered on the dog. While I was obliged to keep my eyes on my hostess, I followed the dog with my ears and my nerves.

For a time he roamed aimlessly about the parlor, wheezing and snoring and

making various other noises which no doubt belong of right to a dog, but which, to my mind, were certainly not in keeping with the elegance of the room. Miss Mackerel, however, utterly ignored him, as most persons do who are accustomed to dogs and like to have them about. Two or three times he crawled under my chair and bit at my heels. If only Miss Mackerel had smiled or commented upon it, I should have found a certain measure of relief, but she kept right on with her well-bred, impersonal talk, accepting the dog's attentions to me as a matter of course, and leaving me to shiver with fear while maintaining a pleased and gracious expression.

Suddenly, however, the dog interrupted the conversation by knocking over the fire irons. The noise was so startling that I could not restrain an exclamation of alarm. Miss Mackerel, however, remained beautifully calm. She turned her head slowly in the direction of the fire-place, but offered no remark. From this I judged that upsetting the tongs and shovel was one of the dog's familiar tricks, for which no explanation or apology was considered necessary.

"Allow me to pick them up," I volunteered, starting to rise.

"It is not necessary," she answered quietly; "the maid will attend to them," and forthwith she went on with her discussion of "The History of Christian Science."

After this the dog remained quiet for several minutes. I think he got up on a chair when the things fell down, and I hoped he would stay there. But presently I heard him jump down and begin mousing about the room again. He stopped for awhile under the piano, smelling noisily at something on the floor, and then came over to me and nipped at my shoe-laces. I did my best to follow Miss Mackerel's example and appear calmly insensible to his whereabouts. Suddenly the brute snatched my handkerchief from my hand and dashed off with it to the other end of the room.

"I said, 'Ha, ha! He's a clever dog,'" I really felt I ought to say something. The note was so obvious.

Miss Mackerel smiled approvingly. "Yes!" she answered graciously, as though

pleased with what I had said, and then went on talking.

I saw the dog go into a corner, out of Miss Mackerel's sight, and chew up my handkerchief; growling the while savagely and turning to cast an occasional vicious look at me, as though to warn me to keep this matter to myself. And, of course, I was careful not to say anything about it. I was more than willing he should have my handkerchief, if he would only stay away and let me alone.

came down with a bang, throwing the vase to the floor and breaking it; while the dog, with two or three sharp barks, scampered under a near-by sofa.

"Goodness me! this is really too bad!" I exclaimed involuntarily; and I arose immediately to pick up the table.

"Please do not disturb yourself," commanded Miss Mackerel, with perfect evenness, "the maid will attend to it," and she touched a button in the wall within reach of her chair.



"GOODNESS ME! THIS IS REALLY TOO BAD," I EXCLAIMED, INVOLUNTARILY.

Near the corner in which he had encased himself was a dainty mahogany table, supported on a slender pedestal with three claw-feet. Upon the table was a pale-blue vase containing an exquisite pink Maman Cochet. From the way the dog was fussing and backing around in the corner, I felt certain that sooner or later he would knock the table over. And, sure enough, that is what he did. The table suddenly tilted, lost its balance, and

"Of course," thought I, "it is her vase and her dog, and if she is agreeable to this sort of thing it is none of my concern." Nevertheless, her perfect coolness and her persistent indifference to the vulgar behavior of her pet seemed to me to be enervating dignity beyond the limits of endurance. It certainly tended in no way to relieve my distressing embarrassment and uneasiness, and I made up my mind then and there that if the dog did not

go, I would. I simply could no longer endure the torture of his presence and his unholy smiles. There was no telling what he might do next. If he undertook to tear the clothes off me, his imperturbable mistress would probably accept it as a matter of course. I had absolutely no protection.

The maid entered, and Miss Mackerel quietly ordered her to pick up the table and remove the vase, the rose, and the spilled water.

"I hope it was not a valuable vase," I ventured, as the maid gathered up the pieces.

"Yes," responded Miss Mackerel: "it was quite a valuable vase—a rare bit of Cleopatra. I brought it with me from Japan last year. Are you interested in ceramics?" and without further reference to the catastrophe she led the conversation back into impersonal channels.

However, with a little noncommittal, I succeeded shortly in making a more or less polite move to go. "But before going," I said, "may I not request the pleasure of a song? Rebecca has had written

one of your musical gifts and insisted that I must hear you sing."

I should not have braved this request had it not been that the dog had remained quietly under the sofa, with no sign of again coming out, and that I felt it a duty to Rebecca to ask Miss Mackerel to sing. Perhaps, too, I thought, it might serve to break the ice, for surely up to this time Miss Mackerel had given no indication of unbending, and I could not feel that I had failed to make a favorable impression.

Somewhat to my surprise, Miss Mackerel promptly acquiesced, and, without asking me for an expression of my preference, sat down at the piano and began at once a bewitching little Spanish song.

She had scarcely finished three bars of it, however, when the most unearthly howl broke loose from under the sofa. It was a long-drawn, excruciating wail, blood-curdling in its pain and intensity.

Miss Mackerel stopped and turned slowly about. "He is not on the nitch," she remarked severely, "and perhaps we had better let him sing alone." She sat so gracefully and moved over to her chair.

I, too, arose. Her lofty and unflinching patience with the dog was more than I could comprehend. It completely flustered me. I stammered an awkward expression of regret, and in my confusion I blurted out some highly discommensurate remark about the beast under the sofa. It was inexpressible, of course; but I could not help it.

Miss Mackerel smiled coldly and held out her hand. "Remember me to your sister when you write to her," she said; and that is all she did say by way of rejection. She did not say she was glad to know me. She did not ask me to call again. I felt intuitively that my visit had been a failure. I was not to be numbered among the coterie of Rose Street. I felt it in her tone, in her hand-shake, in her manner—all beautifully civil and proper, but informing me, nevertheless, that I was persona non grata.

She dismissed me at the rear door. She did not come into the hall with me; but the dog did. When he heard that I was going, he came out from under the sofa, and as soon as he had me alone in the hall he frightened me almost stiff by springing at my ear and barking fur-

iously. And as soon as I opened the front door he rushed out with me, snapping and biting at my heels.

My terror turned to sudden, frenzied desperation. I had no sooner reached the sidewalk than I turned with an unholy shout of madness and struck the beast a terrific crack with my cane.

I sent him sprawling into the gutter. I expected he would get up at once and come after me; but he did nothing of the sort. Profaning the night with a series of ear-splitting yelps, he dashed wildly across the street and disappeared in the darkness.

I was about to move on when the door opened and Miss Mackerel's maid came

hurriedly down the steps, carrying a leather collar in her hand.

"Miss Mackerel told me to give you this," she said curtly, handing me the collar. "Your dog dropped it on the floor."

"My dog?" I ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

"Why, the dog you brought in with you this evening, sir," returned the maid, with an ill-concealed note of scorn; and thereupon she turned her back upon me and walked into the house.

The following morning I wrote a note of explanation and apology to Miss Mackerel, but I have never again called upon her.

THE SILLY SISTERHOOD

We are the silly sisters
You kiss and cast aside,
Poor lights o' love, good masters,
To whom is love denied.

From us in careless revel
You seek from idle worth,
Poor daughters of decision
You hold of little worth.

In halls of empty laughter
We hold our loves for hire
With smiles of hazy beauty,
Vain handmaids of desire.

We win your mocking dalliance,
We hear your women's scorn,
Our Loves, a gaudy garment,
You cast aside outworn.

Behind are shattered visions,
Wide scattered to the breeze,
For us who still remember
Dear other days than these.

We are the silly sisters
Who grieve but may not weep;
For whom life holds no bounty,
And death has only sleep.

James P. Haverston.



SHE WAS CARRYING A LEATHER COLLAR IN HER HAND.



MAJOR-GENERAL COLIN MACKENZIE—THE NEW CANADIAN CHIEF OF STAFF.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Growth of the People's Rule Movement in the United States

OUR Canadian political system and the system in the United States have at least one thing in common, and that is the fact that in both countries the Party Machine is liable to obtain more or less control of the administration of the Government, and so thwart the theory of representative government. In the United States, where the political system is older and where the abuses are perhaps more easily carried on, movements are afoot among the people generally to overcome these evils—much in the same way that the citizens of Montreal undertook to wipe out its municipal dishonor. An illuminating article by Judson C. Welliver, is contained in April *Mansey's*. It deals with the movement only in the United States. But the facts are pertinent to Canadian affairs, nevertheless. Following is the article:—

Organizations, Mr. Welliver begins, which claim to number in their membership one-third of the voters of the United States are engaged in an effort "to restore the government to the people." They are not political parties, and are not working through existing political parties.

Almost everybody feels vaguely that the movement is portentous. Almost everybody realizes that highly significant progress is making. But the question is constantly asked, "What do these people mean by 'bringing the government back to the people'?" Is not this already a government by the people? If it isn't, what have these reformers to offer by way of making it more distinctly a popular affair?

Furthermore, is it desirable that the people should have any more to do with their government than they now have?

These are large and serious questions—the largest and most serious before the nation. From time to time, they are getting their answer, and it is an answer in favor of a larger and more direct participation by the people in the business of government. It is well worth while that we should study and understand the proposal of those propagandists who are behind the movement.

There is an ancient colored preacher in Richmond who once a year delivers a sermon to prove that the world is flat. He is said to have some few followers, too. A stand-patter of this variety might agree that the process of governmental evolution is finished; that its perfect flower is represented in our system of government. Hardly anybody else would question that development must continue.

It is very plain that the developments of the near future are going to be along the lines laid down by these advocates of people's rule. They are writing their ideas into the laws and constitutions of States and nations, into the charters of cities, into the administrative processes of all our governmental units. Surveying what they have done already, and considering the organization with which they propose to do more, we should be mere imitators of the ostrich if we insisted on poking our heads into the sand and protesting that nothing was happening around us.

Evolution of governmental institutions is going on all over the world faster than ever before. We think of China as being peculiarly backward, because it is only beginning seriously to consider the experiment of constitutional monarchy. But then, New Zealand regards us as old-fashioned. We wonder whether Persia

and Turkey are going to succeed in their efforts to establish parliamentary government; but, on the other side, Switzerland wonders if the United States will manage to democratize its institutions as the Swiss have democratized theirs, and marvels that we are so slow about it.

Among our own States, we can see some curious contrasts. Oregon is sorry for the backwardness of New York, while Massachusetts regards with a frightened concern the radical proposals that are so popular in Washington and Wisconsin.

Likewise, there are some interesting parallels in this world-wide process of evolution. For example, the British constitution is in process of amendment to lessen the power of the House of Lords. The British constitution is the oldest and most stable in the world, though the most easily amended. The proposal to amend it by taking from the peers their power of veto is regarded by many as the beginning of the end of the two-chamber form of legislature. That seems revolutionary, yet the American movement in favor of the popular election of Senators is based on an exactly similar conception of the desirability of reducing the prerogative of the so-called upper chamber, and correspondingly increasing the importance of the popular branch.

This people's rule movement is not a single, organized and coherent campaign for a particular reform or set of reforms. There are many organizations in it, working for various particular changes in institutions. In a general way it may be set down that these people are united in the purpose of getting the largest possible measure of governmental power into the hands of the people, but that they make no pretense of agreeing about what the people ought to do with what power when they get it.

Some of them are socialists, some of them are individualists; but they all insist that they are democrats—democrats with the little "d." Some of them are protectionists, some are free-traders, and some occupy a middle ground. Some want the problems of modern industry solved by restoring competition; others believe that competition is dead and should be comfortably laid away and forgotten, while substitutes, in the form of government re-

gulation or of public ownership, may be devised.

In short, as to economics, the advocates of people's rule do not agree at all. Therefore they refuse to project their propaganda into the realm of economics. They are sticking to the things on which they are in general accord, and that is what makes them so strong.

The one thing on which they agree is that the people ought to own and absolutely to control the government, and that thereafter, if the people make mistakes in economic policy, they will have nobody but themselves to blame for it, and will have in their own hands the means to correct their mistakes.

Illustrating this point, there is a story of the recent campaign in Oregon.

"I am dead against this plan of turning all of the power of government over to the people. If they ever get it, they'll go straight to hell with it!" quoth a conservative who feared the results of direct legislation by the people.

"Well," replied an advocate of direct legislation, "if they do, they'll have a return ticket!"

There it is. The people's rule advocates insist that the people can afford even to make mistakes, if they have the power to correct them — the power which, it is claimed, will be given them by the adoption of the various measures now advocated.

What are these measures? Without attempting to enumerate all, the following may be put down as measures on which practically all the propagandists are agreed:

The initiative and referendum.
The recall.
The short ballot.
Direct nomination for all offices.
Popular election of United States Senators.

Publicity of campaign contributions and expenses before and after primaries and elections.

Effective corrupt practices acts.
Commission government of cities.

Popular designation of delegates to national political conventions, with opportunity for the voter to indicate his choice for President.

Perfection of the Australian ballot laws.

Elimination of machine management in House of Representatives and in the United States Senate.

There is nothing here about the tariff, or the trusts, or the railroads, or any pressing economic question. The people's government advocates insist that they want first to give the tools of democracy back into the hands of the people, in order that the people may use them to carve out their own solution of these questions.

Officials of the organizations that are promoting these various proposals assure me that their aggregate membership numbers close to one-third of all the voters who voted for Presidential candidates in 1908. The most important of these organizations are the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, the Progressive State Granges, the American Federation of Labor, the National Progressive Republican League, the Democratic Progressive Federation, the Non-Partisan Progressive Federation, the Conference of Progressive State Granges, the Short Ballot Organization, and a multitude of Initiative and Referendum Leagues.

There is one fundamental difference between this movement and others that have gone before it—the people's rule advocates are not trying to form a third party. They recognize that this is a government through parties, and they purpose to get the people into the folds of the parties, so that through the parties they may control the government. I think this is the largest reason why the movement has persisted so long, has already secured so much of results, and seems to be gaining strength constantly.

I have before me a little pamphlet whose title-page proclaims:

THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE SPECIAL INTERESTS—FREEDOM IN 1912

Five years ago you would have been perfectly sure that this was a socialist document. But it isn't. It outlines a proposal to organize the mass of Democratic voters so that they can capture the Democratic national convention of 1912, and a similar plan to organize the Republican masses for the capture of their national convention. It sounds like that same old stuff that the Populists and the

Farmers' Alliance used to hand out to us, but it is different in that it has no thought of destroying either of the old parties, or of establishing a new one. It is different, also, in that it has summoned to its aid the resources of practical, business-like organization and political methods.

Let us examine the different proposals in this program of restoring the government to the people's control.

Take the initiative and referendum. You can easily recollect when those terms were the sign and symbol of an acute but probably harmless intellectual mania, which the abstem had not entirely grasped, and for which society was a trifle slow about putting men in jail. We used to be sure that people who believed in things of that sort were hopeless cranks. But to-day the leadership of the most vigorous, virile and securely established elements in our public life is promulgating these very crankisms. Not only are many highly respectable public men—Senators, Congressmen, Governors, publicists—committed to these things, but many communities have adopted them as part of the governmental system.

The initiative is a plan empowering the people to initiate legislation. A fixed percentage of the voters, by signing a petition in favor of a certain piece of legislation, and filing it with the proper administrative authority, can require that that particular measure be submitted to the people at an election. If at the election the majority vote for it, it becomes law, without intervention of any legislative authority other than that of the people.

In this fashion, if the Legislature has failed to pass a law which the people want, the people are able to pass it themselves. On the other hand, if the Legislature passes a law which the people do not want, a similar petition in protest can be filed, requiring that the law be submitted to a vote of the people; and if the majority reject it, the act is nullified.

This may sound revolutionary, but it has been adopted in South Dakota, Oregon, Missouri, Maine, Arkansas, Montana and Oklahoma, and is being pressed by the Governors of Massachusetts, California, Nebraska, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Washington and various other States. The constitutional convention of Arizona, which recently drafted a consti-

tution under which that Territory desires to enter the Union, wrote this plan into the fundamental law, and some eighty-five per cent. of the people approved it, despite insistent report that it so radical a constitution were adopted, the Washington government would probably reject it, and refuse Statehood until a more moderate instrument should be proposed by the people. Illinois, by a vote of over four to one, has also declared in favor of the same doctrine.

The most common objection to the initiative and referendum is that it would have the practical effect of putting the Legislatures out of business, and turning their functions over directly to the people. Advocates of the reform retort that this is not true at all, and cite the experience of States which have the initiative and referendum. They say that in such States the Legislatures continue to legislate, but they always do it with a realization that their work may be either added to or overturned by the people. This, it is claimed, makes the Legislatures the more concerned to square their legislative product with the popular purpose.

Last summer no fewer than thirty-two measures were submitted to the people of Oregon in this way. Some were adopted, some were rejected. Doubting Thomases protested that the people would get muddled, and would pass laws they ought to defeat, while defecting laws they ought to pass; but when the results were at hand it became apparent that the people had done just about what they wanted to do. General satisfaction was expressed over the outcome. I suppose it will be admitted that if the people are satisfied, nobody else can reasonably complain.

Only a short time ago, the people of Denver had submitted to them under the referendum a long series of legislative proposals. Five of these were commonly understood to be measures from the people, while the rest, though very similar in title and general appearance, were alleged to contain jokers in which selfish interests were concealed. There was a good deal of fear among advocates of the system that the people would get confused, and might adopt the measures with the jokers, instead of the ones which really represented the popular purpose. But all sides agreed,

after the election, that the people had voted for the right measures and had voted against the wrong ones. As in Oregon, the result was pretty nearly what the people wanted.

The widest application of the initiative and referendum principle, in the United States, has been given in connection with the commission plan of city government. As this is the most widely advertised and best understood application of the reform proposals that we have under discussion, it will be worth while here to consider just what it means.

More than one hundred cities have adopted the commission plan of government, which includes, in most cases, the initiative and referendum, the recall, the short ballot, and direct nominations. I am assured that no city, after once adopting the plan, has ever rejected it. In its operations, therefore, we find the best available testimonial to the practicability of the general scheme of giving the people a larger direct participation in their government.

Five years ago, the hopeless corruption and inefficiency of our city governments were the despair of every pessimistic observer. To-day, that particular problem is neatly wrapped, tugged, and shelled, with a label which tells us that it has been solved by the commission plan of government.

Under the commission plan, partisanship is eliminated, and the direct primary nominates all officers. It has long been conceded that partisanship has no place in city government, and is really responsible for much of the prevalent inefficiency and corruption. Why should a man be elected mayor of Des Moines, where the burning issue concerns the method of improving the river-front, because he favored tariff for revenue only?

Obviously, opinions on national issues have nothing to do with municipal affairs. So the framers of the Des Moines plan, which is the generally accepted scheme of reform municipal government, provided a method of election which should absolutely shut out partisanship.

Only five people are elected to office by the electorate at large—a mayor and four councilmen. Any citizen can be a candidate for these offices. As many as please

can put their names on the ballot at the primary, by filing petitions signed by twenty-five citizens. They are not labeled as Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Probationists, or anything else. Every man has to run on his own merits as a citizen.

The two candidates for mayor and the eight candidates for councilmen who receive the highest votes at the primary thereupon become nominees for election. At the election proper, these ten names are put on the ballot, still without any party designations, and the one candidate for mayor and four candidates for councilmen receiving the highest votes are declared elected. Thus partisanship is entirely eliminated.

The mayor and four councilmen, as I have said, are the only people whom the voters elect. In these five are vested all legislative and administrative authority. They employ all other officers and employees of the city. This is what is known as the short ballot plan—that is, having the people vote for the smallest possible number of officials, and holding these responsible for all appointments and administrations.

Under the old methods of municipal government, the voters at large would elect a mayor, a board of aldermen, a city treasurer, city solicitor, auditor, engineer, and a long list of other officials. Concentration of authority would be impossible, and uniformity of policy equally so. The short ballot plan accomplishes these things.

The government of the United States is the highest political organism in the world based on the short ballot plan. The people of the United States vote for a President, and the President appoints his Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of State, and so on. Through his Cabinet members he wields the entire appointing power of the government. No other ruler in the world is directly vested with the control of so many appointments.

If the United States government were organized like that of the States, we should elect the President, and also the members of his Cabinet, and probably a good many subordinate executives. On the other hand, if the State governments were organized on the short ballot plan, like the Federal government, the State would elect a Governor, and he would appoint a State

treasurer, a State auditor, a State engineer, and all the department executives. He would be responsible to the people for the acts of all these subsidiary executives, and would be in position to unify the policies of his administration, because he would be in position to impose those policies upon his appointees, or demand their resignations.

Thus we see that the rapidly extending commission plan of city government, and the long established scheme of the Federal government, both represent the short ballot idea. Proponents of this system urge that it should be extended to all cities, States, and other political divisions. They argue that it parallels the concentration of authority which has been introduced into great business under modern schemes of organization; in short, that it represents the application of business methods to government.

Carrying our analysis of the commission plan of city government a step further, it also illustrates for us the workings of the recall. If any one of the five elective officers displeases the public in the administration of his department a petition signed by a fixed percentage of voters may demand a special election to vote on the question of recalling him and placing another in his position. Thus the council is made responsive to public opinion every day in the year, instead of merely on election days at stated intervals, one, two, three, or four years apart.

That is the recall. Its advocates would have it applied in all political bodies, and to all elective officials, save, perhaps, judges, concerning whom there is sharp disagreement as to the propriety of subjecting them to recall.

It is urged that the judiciary ought to be kept on a plane entirely independent of possible interference by reason of possible disaffection with decisions. The people of Arizona do not seem to have been much influenced by this argument, for they have overwhelmingly adopted their proposed constitution, including the recall of judges, in face of the fact that particular objection has been made to this provision as a reason for denying the demand for admittance to the new State.

Commission government also includes the initiative and referendum, whereby,

as already explained, the people may initiate laws and ordinances on their own account by petition, and then adopt them by vote; and whereby, likewise, they may veto enactments of the council.

Thus we find that a considerable part of the supposedly radical program of the people's government advocates is already adopted and working in a great number of American cities, as well as in several States. With the single exception of that remarkable crystallization of public opinion which gave the Thirteen Colonies their Federal Constitution, no program of institutional evolution has ever proceeded so rapidly in this country. Of States and of cities alike, it is universal testimony that these measures having once been adopted, they are continued in force—which is surely good evidence that they give satisfaction.

Direct nominations by the people have now been adopted in the policies of more than half the States. A few years ago, this idea was considered extremely radical. It is only about two years since I wrote an article for Munsey's Magazine telling what had been accomplished up to that time, pointing out that the West and South had made the most progress, and predicting that in the near future the popular primary movement would invade the East and become a leading issue. Was I right?

The answer can be found in the record of Governor Hughes's long fight for direct primaries in New York, followed by the declarations of both leading political parties, last year, in favor of the program. In New Jersey, Governor Wilson has vindicated and maintained the authority of the primary by insisting that James E. Martine be elected United States Senator, because in the State-wide primary he was designated as the people's choice. The States which have no general primary laws are moving to get them, and those which have such laws are trying to preserve and improve them.

The effect of such measures as the short ballot, the direct primary and popular designation of Senators, has been to weaken the hold of "boss rule" political organizations on government. On the other hand, the objection that such measures would keep the people constantly in a turmoil of

political activity has been shown unwarranted. In only two cases, thus far, have cities recalled public officials—Los Angeles and Seattle. The case of Seattle is a very recent one, in which the mayor was recalled because it was alleged he was running the town too "wide open."

Incidentally, it is a matter of special interest that the vote in the Seattle recall election clearly indicated that the women, recently enfranchised, cast the determining majority in favor of displacing a too liberal executive.

Only a few weeks ago, the people of St. Louis rejected a proposed city charter because it included the referendum, but did not include the initiative. The people wanted both, and will probably get them.

The city of Grand Junction, Colorado, has recently adopted a commission government charter containing a new wrinkle that represents the ideals of some of the more radical reformers. This is a provision for majority election of all candidates for office. The voter is permitted to name his first and also his second choice for a given position; and if nobody receives a majority of first votes, then the second-choice votes are taken into consideration.

Popular election of Senators, instead of their election by the State Legislatures, has been demanded for many years, and resolutions have repeatedly passed the national House of Representatives to submit a constitutional amendment to this effect. As I write, such an amendment, after receiving the necessary two-thirds vote in the House, is pending in the Senate, where it is expected to receive a handsome majority, but not quite the necessary two-thirds. It will, however, make a better showing than ever before, and its advocates are confident that in the new Senate, reorganized after March 4, it will command the two-thirds majority. After being submitted in this fashion by Congress, the amendment must be ratified by three-fourths of the States, and it is believed that ratification is assured.

There is very sincere difference of opinion whether popular election of Senators will effect any important change in the complexion of the Senate. In about half the States, much the same result has already been achieved through the system

of primary designation of Senatorial candidates. The Oregon plan is the most complete revolution in this regard that seems possible without a constitutional amendment. It has already been adopted by Oregon and Nebraska, and is likely to be accepted by several other States this year.

Under this plan, the people nominate candidates for Senators at their primaries, and vote on these nominees at the elections. Candidates for the Legislature are given the privilege of declaring, if they wish, that if elected they will vote for that candidate for Senator who receives a majority in the election. In the experience of Oregon and Nebraska, those legislative candidates who pledge themselves to the popular choice for Senator are usually victorious as against those who do not.

A particularly telling vindication of this plan was the recent election of Gilbert M. Hitchcock as Senator from Nebraska. Mr. Hitchcock was designated by the people under the Oregon plan. The Republicans elected forty-eight and the Democrats eighty-five members of the Legislature; but when it came to voting for Senator, all the Democrats and forty-four of the Republicans supported Mr. Hitchcock.

Closely related to the foregoing proposals is the demand for control of campaign expenses. Different methods have been adopted in different communities. Some require a public statement of all contributions and expenditures after election; others require this declaration both before and after election; and still others, before and after the primary, and also before and after the election. The purpose, of course, is to let the public know just what individuals and interests are supporting each candidate.

A variation is the proposal that campaign expenses shall be borne by the public. Thus Colorado, two years ago, passed a law providing that the State should contribute to each political party twenty-five cents for each vote cast at the preceding election for that party's nominee for Governor. Half of this sum is turned over to the county organization, and half is used by the State organization. The nominees are permitted to contribute from their own resources not more than forty per cent. of the first year's salary of the office, or, if the officer is entitled to fees,

a sum not exceeding one-quarter of the fees for the preceding year. After election, full accounting must be made of the money thus received. No other contributions are permitted, under severe penalties.

The Oregon publicity pamphlet is another method by which the State helps to finance campaigns. The State issues, at its own expense, a publicity pamphlet for each campaign, giving an abstract of arguments for and against every measure submitted. A copy is sent to every voter. Each candidate is allowed a certain amount of space in the pamphlet to state his arguments in favor of his own election.

In the effort to prevent selfish interests from financing political campaigns, and thereby placing parties and officials under obligation, a variety of corrupt practices have been formulated. Stringent enactments of this character are being adopted this year in numerous States. Their general purpose is to limit the use of money in politics, and particularly to prohibit contributions from corporations and individuals having immediate interest in laws that may be passed, or in their administration.

Thus the Oregon corrupt practices act prohibits any corporation, person, trustee, or trustee, holding the majority of stock of a bank, trust, surety, indemnity, insurance, railroad, street-railway, telephone, gas or other public service corporations, or any holder of public franchises, to contribute to campaign expenses. Candidates are not permitted to make presents, or even to "treat" voters. The voter who accepts the social drink or the festive election cigar or any other form of "treat" is thereby made liable to have his vote challenged, and in case of a contest it shall be rejected.

Another of the important planks in the people's rule platform demands the introduction of the Australian ballot law in those communities which have not yet adopted it, and its perfection and safeguarding in those which have it. There is remarkable diversity among the ballot laws of the States, but the constant tendency is to improve them with a view to assuring the absolute secrecy of the vote, and to prevent the voter being moved by any influence other than his own free will.

The "freedom in 1912" advocates are just now particularly enthusiastic in arg-

ing Presidential preference laws—that is, laws under which delegates to Presidential nominating conventions shall be chosen directly by the people, and the voters shall have opportunity to indicate their Presidential preference on the ballot.

The feasibility of this plan has been widely questioned, on the ground that as nominations are made in Republican conventions by majority vote, and in Democratic conventions by two-thirds vote, there could never be any nomination, save in rare cases, if all the delegates were rigidly instructed in favor of particular candidates. To obviate this difficulty, it has been proposed to allow the voters to designate first, second, and third choices. The delegates would then be bound to nominate the first choice if possible; failing in that, to nominate the second, and then the third choice. Thus, it is claimed, there would be ample play for legitimate combinations.

The effect of such laws would be to eliminate "dark horses." Nobody would have a chance of being nominated who did not bring to the convention at least a respectable showing of first, second, and third choice delegates.

All these measures are obviously aimed to break down the power of the political machine, and to substitute the expression of the people's will as registered at the ballot-box.

Public-opinion laws represent a method of submitting to the people specific proposals in legislation or policy to ascertain what they want their representatives to do. Illinois has had such a law since 1901. Ten per cent. of the voters of the State, or twenty-five per cent. of the voters of the town or city, by petitioning for it, can require that any particular proposition be submitted at an election. Under this law, Chicago cast 140,000 votes for and 21,000 against municipal ownership of gas and electric lights; 148,000 for and 28,000 against municipal ownership of street-railways; 140,000 for and 17,000 against direct nominations. Under the same law, the State of Illinois cast 451,000 votes for and 77,000 votes against direct election of Senators.

The people of Chicago have had several referendums to determine what should be

done with their street-railway systems, and there is no doubt that this system of testing public sentiment is largely responsible for the settlement of the transit problem of Chicago on a basis highly favorable to the public interest. Under the Illinois law, the instructions given at these public-opinion elections were not mandatory; but such decisive popular majorities as have been quoted necessarily have a powerful influence upon Legislatures and city councils.

People who object to these various innovations tending to restore legislative powers to the people protest that their effect is to break down our representative system of government, and to substitute a purely democratic system. Even now, there is pending in the Supreme Court of the United States a case which raises the question whether the Oregon initiative and referendum system is a republican form of government.

The Federal Constitution provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." But what is republican form of government?

The dictionaries tell us that a republic is a state in which the sovereignty resides in the people, and the administration is lodged in officers elected by and representing the people. When the people make their own laws, they are dispensing with representatives, and the government becomes strictly democratic; for the same dictionaries tell us that a democracy is "the political system in which the government is directly exercised or controlled by the people collectively." Our Supreme Court is shortly to answer the rather technical question which this conflict of definitions raises in case of the Oregon system of direct rather than representative government.

The Oregon people insist that no lexicographers' shading of definitions can defeat, on such a technicality, the purpose of the people. Furthermore, they point out that the State constitutions themselves recognize the referendum as part of a republican form of government, by providing that constitutional amendments must be submitted to the vote of the people.

Thus the referendum seems to have been already adopted into our scheme of a democratic republic.

Again, the initiative is represented by that time-honored institution, the New England town meeting, and by the county meetings of the South.

There are all kinds of views in regard to these various governmental innovations. Extremists tell us that we are approaching the time when all legislation will be done by the people directly. If so, we are approaching it very slowly. The more conservative view, and the view entertained by most advocates of these measures, is that the citizens are taking back into

their own hands the powers to make and to veto legislation as a safe-guard upon their elected representatives. The people desire to have an assurance that they themselves can do that which their Legislatures have left undone, and can undo, if they desire, that which Legislatures may wrongfully do.

At any rate, it is certain that the present tendency is to make the people's direct participation in their government more important, and to provide a further system of checks and balances to operate upon the representatives chosen to exercise powers that fundamentally reside only in the community at large.

The Bogey of Japanese Trade

THE following article by Clarence Fox, in the *World's Work*, was written in Japan after a personal investigation and discussions with Japanese cabinet ministers, manufacturers, and merchants, and English and American commercial attaches. It is a remarkably valuable article.

With all the markets of the Orient right at Japan's doors and labor to be had for a mere song—four-fifths of its cotton-factory workers who are girls and women receive an average wage of only 13.5 cents a day and the males get only 22 cents—it is simply useless for Europe and America to attempt to compete with Japan in any line that it chooses to monopolize. Now that it has recovered from its wars, it will doubtless forge to the front as dramatically as an industrial power as it has already done as a military and maritime power, while other nations, helpless in competition, must simply surrender to Mikado-land the lion's share of Asiatic trade—the rich prize which the world has sought for since before Columbus.

In some such strain as this, prophets of evil among English and American manufacturers have talked for several years. For the last few months, professing to see in Japan's adoption of a high protective tariff partial confirmation of their predictions, they have assumed, ad hoc, authority. Their arguments, too, are

so plausible and the facts of Japan's low wage scale are so potent that the world has become acutely interested in the threatened Japanese competition.

And yet, after having seen the big factories and the little factory-workers in Tokyo and in Osaka, and after having listened to the most ambitious of Japan's industrial leaders, I shall leave the country convinced of the folly of the talk that white labor cannot compete with Japanese labor. I believe indeed that the outlook is encouraging for manufacturing in the Mikado's empire, but I do not believe that this development is to be regarded as a menace to English or American industry.

In the very outset, the assumed parallel between Japan's rise as a military power and its predicted rise as an industrial power should be branded as the groundless *non sequitur* that it is. "All our present has its roots in the past," my first Japanese acquaintance said to me—and we ignore fundamental facts when we forget that for unnumbered centuries Japan existed for the soldier, as the rosebush for the blossom. The man of martial courage was the goal of all striving, the end of all travail. Society was a military aristocracy, with the Samurai as the privileged class. And at the same time commerce was despised as dishonorable and industry merely tolerated as a necessary evil.

In the Japan of Yaku, Liao-yang, and Mukden we have no modern Minerva springing full-armed from the head of Jove, but rather an unrecognized Ulysses of ancient skill surprising onlookers ignorant of the long record of his prowess. Viewed from the same historical standpoint, however, industrial Japan is a mere learner, unskilled, with the long and weary price of victory yet to pay.

In the race that it has to run, moreover, the Mikado's land has no such advantages as many of our people have been led to believe. In America it has long been my conviction that cheap labor is never cheap; that so-called cheap labor is a curse to any community—not because it is cheap but because it is inefficient. The so-called cheap Negro labor in the South, for example, I have come to regard as perhaps the dearest on the continent. Here in Japan, however, I was quite prepared to find that this theory would not hold good. By reason of conditions in a primitive stage of industrial organization, I thought that I might find cheap labor with all the advantages, in so far as there are any, and few of the disadvantages encountered elsewhere. But it is not so. An American factory-owner in Osaka, in summing up his job's trials with raw Japanese labor, used exactly my own phrase in a newspaper article a few days ago—"Cheap labor is never cheap." And all my investigations have convinced me that the remark is as true in Japan as it is in America or in England.

The per capita wage of Japanese laborers here is, of course, amazingly low. The latest 1910 statistics, as furnished by the Department of Finance, indicate a daily wage (American money) of 40 cents for carpenters, 31.5 cents for shoemakers, 34 cents for blacksmiths, 25.5 cents for compositors, 19.5 cents for male farm laborers, and 22 cents for male weavers, and 12 cents for female. In the cotton factories that I have visited, which were of the better sort, the wages vary from 5 cents a day for the youngest children to 25 cents a day for good women workers. In a mouseline mill I was told that the average wages were 22.5 cents, ranging from 10 cents to a maximum of 50 cents for the most skilled employees. And this, be it remembered, was for eleven hours' work

and in a factory requiring a higher grade of efficiency than the average.

But in spite of the fact that such figures as these were well known to him, it was my host in the first Japanese house to which I was invited—one of the Emperor's Privy Counsellors, a man of much travel and culture who had studied commercial conditions at home and abroad rather profoundly—who expressed the conclusion that Japanese factory labor, when reduced to terms of efficiency, is not greatly cheaper than European, an opinion which has since grown rather true in view of the number of times that I have heard it. "In the old handicrafts and family industries to which our people have been accustomed," my host declared, "we can beat the world; but the moment we turn to modern industrial machinery on a large scale, the weakness of our endeavor tells against us in a hundred hindering ways. Numbers of times I have sought to work out some industrial policy which had succeeded, and could not but have succeeded in England, Germany, or America, only to meet general failure here because of the unconsidered elements of a different environment, a totally different stage of industrial evolution. Warriors from the beginning and with a record for continuous government unopposed by any European country, our political and military achievements are but the fruitage of our long history; but in industry we must simply wait through patient generations to reach the stage represented by the Englishman, Irishman or German, who takes to machinery as if by instinct."

All my investigations since have confirmed the philosophy of this distinguished Japanese, whose name, if I should mention it, would be familiar to many in America and England. In the Tokyo branch of the Kanagafuchi Spinning Company (a company which controls 300,000 spindles) the director, speaking from the experience of one of the greatest and best conducted industries in Japan, declared: "Your skilled factory laborers in America or England will work four sides of a ring-frame; our unskilled laborer may work only one." A young Englishman in another factory declared: "It takes five men here to do work that I and my mate would take care of at home." An American

vice-consul told me that it takes three or four times as much Japanese as foreign labor to look after an equal number of looms. A Japanese expert just back from Europe declared recently that "Lancashire labor is more expensive than ours but really cheaper." Similarly the Tokyo correspondent of the London Times, summing up an eight-column review of Japanese industry, observed: "If we go to the bottom of the question and consider what is being paid as wages and what is being obtained as the product of labor in Japan, we may find that Japanese labor is not cheaper than labor in other countries."

My own conviction is that in actual output the Japanese labor is somewhat cheaper than American or European labor, but not greatly so; and that even this margin of excess in comparative cheapness represents mainly a blood-tax on the lives and energies of the Japanese people, the result of having no legislation to restrain the ruinous overwork of women and little children—a grievous debt which the nation must pay at the expense of its own stamina and which the manufacturers must also pay in part through the failure to develop experienced and able-bodied laborers. The latest Japan Year-Book expresses the view that "in per capita output two or three skilled Japanese workers correspond to one foreign," but under present conditions the difficulty here is to find the skilled workers at all. When Mr. Oka, of the Department of Commerce and Agriculture, told me that the average Japanese factory hand remains in the business less than two years, I was astonished, but inquiry from original sources convinced me that he was right. With the best system of welfare work in the Empire, the Kanagafuchi Company keeps its laborers two and a half to three years; but in a mill in Osaka of the better sort, employing 2,500 hands, I was told that only 20 per cent had been at work as long as three years. Under such conditions, the majority of the operatives at any time must be in a stage of deplorable inexperience, and it is no wonder that the Year-Book just quoted goes on to confess that "one serious defect of the production is lack of uniformity in quality—stri-

buted to unskilled labor and overwork of machinery."

The explanation of this situation, of course, is largely to be found in the fact that Japanese industries are women's industries—there being seven times as large a proportion of women to men, the Department of Commerce informs me, as in European and American manufacturing. These women workers are mostly from the country. Their purpose is only to work two or three years before getting married, and thousands of them (called home to marry the husbands whom their parents have selected, or else giving way physically under strain) quit work before their contracts expire. "We have almost no factory laborers who look on the work as a life business," was an expression often repeated to me.

Not only in the mills, but in numerous other lines of work, have I seen illustrations of the primitive stage of Japan's industrial efficiency. As a concrete illustration I wish I might pass to each reader the box of Kobe-made matches on the table before me (for match-making of this sort is an important industry here, as well as the sort conducted through matrimonial middlemen without waiting for the aid or consent of either of the parties involved.) I have never in my life seen such a box of matches in America. Not in so many splinters without heads, so many defective matches. And in turning out the boxes themselves, I am told that it takes five or six hands to equal the product of one skilled foreign laborer. "It takes two or three Japanese servants to do the work of one white servant" is the general verdict of housekeepers, while it has also been brought to my attention that in the stores two or three clerks are required to do the work of one at home. A Japanese newspaperman (his paper printed in English) tells me that linotype compositors set only half as many ems per hour as in America. In short, the general verdict, as I have found it, is indicated by what I have written; and the most enthusiastic advocate of Japanese cheap labor, the captain of the steamer on which I came from America, rather spoiled his enthusiasm about getting his ship coaled at Nagasaki for 7½ cents a ton by acknowledging

that if it had ruined he should have had to keep his ship waiting a day to get sufficient hands.

Moreover, while the Japanese factory workers are forced into longer hours than labor anywhere else — eleven hours at night this week, eleven hours in the day next week — I am convinced that the people as a whole are more than ordinarily averse to steady, hard, uninterrupted toil. "We have a streak of the Malay in us," a Japanese professor said to me, "and we like to idle now and then. The truth is that our people are not workers; they are artists, and artists must not be hurried."

Certainly in the hurried production of the factory the Japanese artistic taste seems to break down almost beyond redemption, and the people seem unable to carry their habits of neatness and carefulness into the new environment of European machinery. "Take the Tokyo street-cars," said an ex-Cabinet officer to me; "the wheels are seldom or never cleaned or oiled, and are half eaten up by rust." The railroads are but poorly kept up; the telephones exhaust your patience; and in telegraphing, your exasperation is likely to lose itself in amazed amusement. A few days ago, for example, I sent a telegram from Osaka to Kobe; then I took my riksha across town, waited for a slow train to start—and reached Kobe and the street destination of my message before it did!

In considering the failure of Japanese labor to produce a satisfactory output, however, we should not put the blame wholly on the wage-earner. Not a small proportion of the responsibility lies at the door of inept managers. The family system of production has been the rule for generations with that minority of the people not engaged in farming, and it is still the dominant type of Japanese industry. It will take time even to provide opportunities for training a sufficient corps of superintendents in the larger lines of production.

In further illustration of my argument that cheap labor is not proving so abnormally profitable, I may question whether Japanese factories have paid as good dividends, in proportion to prevailing rates of interest on money, as factories in England and America. Baron Shibusawa, the dean

of Japanese financiers and one of the pioneers in cotton manufacturing, is my authority for the statement that 12 per cent. would be a rather high estimate of the average rate of dividend, while figures furnished by the Department of Finance show that for ten years the average rate of interest on loans has been 11.25 per cent.

The fact that Western ideas as to Japan's recent industrial advance have been greatly exaggerated may also be demonstrated just here. While the latest government figures show that in twelve years the number of female factory operatives increased from 261,218 to 490,925, and of male factory operatives from 173,634 to 248,215, it is plain that a manufacturing population of 649,000 in a country of 50,000,000 souls is small, and that actual progress has not been so great as the relative figures would indicate. Moreover, many so-called "factories" employ less than ten persons and would not be called factories at all in England or America. The absence of iron deposits is a great handicap, the one steel foundry being operated by the Government at a heavy loss; and in cotton manufacturing where "cheap labor" is supposed to be most advantageous, no very remarkable advance has been made in the last decade. From 1899 to 1909 English manufacturers so increased their trade that in the latter year they imported \$222 worth of raw cotton for every \$100 worth imported ten years before, while Japan in 1909 imported only \$177 worth for each \$100 worth imported a decade previous — though, of course, she made this cotton into higher-grade products.

It must also be remembered that the wages of labor in Japan are steadily increasing and will continue to increase. More significant than the fact of the low cost per day is the fact that these wages represent an average increase per trade of 40 per cent. above the wages eight years previous. The new 1910 "Financial and Economic Annual" shows the rate of wages of forty-six classes of labor for a period of eight years. It does not show a decrease in any class of labor, and for only two an increase of less than 30 per cent.; 16 show increases between 30 and 40 per cent.; 17 between 40 and 50 per cent.; 8 from 50 to 60 per cent.; 3 from

60 to 70 per cent.; while significantly enough the greatest increase (81 per cent.) is for female servants, a fact largely due to factory competition. In Osaka the British vice-consul gave me the figures for the latest three-year period for which figures have been published, indicating in these 36 months a 30 per cent. gain in the wages of men in the factories and a 25 per cent. gain in the wages of women.

Of no small significance, also, in any study of Japanese industry must be the fact that there are in Japan proper a full half-million fewer women than men (1910, men, 25,639,581; women, 25,112,338)—a condition the reverse of that in almost every other country. Now the young Japanese are a very home-loving folk; and even if they were not, almost all Shinto parents, realizing the paramount importance of having descendants to worship their spirits, favor and arrange early marriages for their sons. And with this competition for wives, the undiminished demand for female servants, and a half-million fewer women than men to draw from, the outlook for any great expansion of manufacturing based on women labor is not very bright. Moreover, with Mrs. Housekeeper increasing her frantic bids for servants 81 per cent. in eight years and still mourning that they are not to be had, it is plain that the manufacturer has serious competition from this quarter, to say nothing of the further fact that the Japanese girls are for the first time becoming well educated and are therefore likely to be in steadily increasing demand as office-workers. Upon this general subject the head of one of Osaka's leading factories said to me: "I am now employing 2,500 women, but if I wished to enlarge my mill at once and employ 5,000, it would be impossible for me to get the labor, though I might increase to this figure by adding a few hundred each year for several years."

Unquestionably, too, shorter hours, less night work, weekly holidays and better sanitary conditions must be adopted by most manufacturers if they are to continue to get labor. The Kobe Chronicle quotes Mr. Kudoh of the Sanitary Bureau as saying that "most of the women workers are compelled to leave the factories on account of their constitutions being wrecked" after two or three years of night

work, tuberculosis numbering its victims among them by the thousands. Either the mills must give better food and lodging than they now provide or else they must pay higher wages directly, to enable the laborers to make better provision for themselves.

Yet another reason why wages must continue to advance is the steady increase in cost of living, partly due to the higher standard developed through education and contact with Western civilization, but perhaps even more largely to the fearful burden of taxation under which the people are staggering. A usual estimate of the tax rate is 30 per cent. of one's income, while Mr. Wakatsuki, late Japanese Financial Commissioner to London, is quoted as authority for the statement that the people now pay in direct and indirect taxes 35 per cent. of their incomes. And I doubt whether even this estimate includes the increased amounts that citizens are forced to pay for salt and tobacco as a result of the Government's monopoly in these products, or the greatly increased prices of sugar resulting from the Government's paternalistic efforts to guarantee prosperity to sugar manufacturers in Formosa.

Higher still, and higher far than anything the nation has ever yet known, must go the cost of living when the new tariff goes into effect next July; and wages must thereafter advance accordingly. From a British textile representative I learned the other day that a grade of English woollens largely used by the Japanese for underwear will increase in cost more than one-third under the new tariff, while the increased duty on certain other lines of goods is indicated by the following table:

PERCENTAGE OF DUTY TO COST OF ARTICLE

Printed goods	13.6
White lavens	21.2
Shirtings	25.6
Cotton Italians	29.8
Poplins	42.1
Broccades	45.4

Neither a nation nor an individual can lift itself by its boot-straps. The majority of the thoughtful people in the Empire seem to me to realize even now that through the new tariff, Japanese industry

as a whole is likely to lose much more by lessened ability to compete in foreign markets than it will gain by shackled competition in the home markets. Far-seeing old Count Okuma, one of the Elder Statesmen and once Premier, seemed to realize this more fully than any other man that I have seen.

"Within two or three years from the time the new law goes into force," he declared, "I am confident that its injurious effects will be so apparent that the people will force its repeal. With out heavy taxes the margin of wages left for comfort is already small, and with the cost of living further increased by the new tariff, wages must inevitably advance. This will increase the cost of our manufactured products, now exported mostly to China, India and other countries requiring cheap or low-grade goods, and where we must face the competition of the foremost industrial nations of the world. As our cost of production increases, our competition with Europe will become steadily more difficult and a decrease in our exports will surely follow. It is folly for one small island to try to produce everything that it needs. The tariff on iron, for example, can only hamper every new industry by increasing the cost of machinery, and must especially hinder navigation and ship-building in which we have made such progress."

Not a few of the country's foremost vernacular dailies are as outspoken as the venerable Count, and the Kobe Chronicle declares that, with diminished exports to Japan, British manufacturers will find compensation in the lessened ability of the Japanese to compete in China, and that the Japanese will find that they have raised prices against themselves and damaged their own efficiency.

That such will be the net result of Japan's new policy seems to me to admit of no question. Unfortunately, certain special lines of British and American manufactures may suffer; but, on the whole, what the white man's trade loses in Japan will be recompensed for in China and India. Even after Japan's adoption of the moderately protective tariff of 1899 its export of yarns to China—in the much discussed "market right at her doors"—dropped from a product of 340,000 bales

to a recent average of 250,000 bales. From 1899 to 1905 (according to the latest published Government figures), the number of employees in Japanese cotton factories increased only 340—one-third of one per cent—from 79,985 to 74,225, to be exact. I have already alluded to the figures showing the comparative English and Japanese import of raw cotton from 1890 to 1909, as furnished me by Mr. Robert Young of Kobe—Japan increasing its imports from \$30,000,000 to \$54,000,000, or 77 per cent., while England's advance was from \$135,000,000 to \$300,000,000, or 122 per cent. The increase in England's case, of course, was largely (and in Japan's case almost wholly) due to the increased price of the cotton itself, but the figures are none the less useful for the purposes of comparison.

In the frequent attempts of the Japanese Government to stimulate special industries by subsidies and special privileges, there is, it seems to me, equally as little danger to the trade of Europe and America in general (though here, too, special industries may suffer now and then), because Japan is in this way simply handicapping itself for effective industrial growth. Just at this writing, we have an illustration in the case of the Formosan sugar subsidy, which seems to have developed into a veritable Frankenstein; or, to use a homelier figure, the Government seems to be in the position of the man who had the bear by the tail, with equal danger in holding on or letting go. Already, as a result of the system of subsidies, bounties and special privileges, individual initiative has been discouraged; a dangerous and corrupting alliance of Government with business has developed; public morals have been debased (as was strikingly brought out in the Dai Nippon sugar scandal); and the people, as Mr. Sessano of the Foreign Department complains, now "rely on the help of the Government on all occasions." On the same point the Tokyo Keisei declares that "the habit of looking to the Government for assistance in all and everything, oblivious of independent enterprise . . . has now grown to the chronic stage, and unless it is cured by health and vitality of the nation will ultimately be supped and undermined."

As for increasing complaints of "low commercial morality" brought against Japanese merchants, that is not a matter of concern in this discussion, except in so far as it may prove a form of Japanese commercial suicide. But to one who holds the view, as I do, that the community of nations is enriched by every worthy industrial and moral advance on the part of any nation, it is gratifying to find the general alarm over the present undoubtedly serious conditions, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the authorities will result in many early changes to better methods.

Such is a brief review of the salient features of present-day Japanese industry, and in no point do I find any material menace to the general well-being of American and European trade. It is my opinion that the Japanese will steadily develop industrial efficiency, but that in the future no more than in the present will Japan menace European and Ameri-

can industry (unless it be permitted to take unfair advantages in Manchuria, Korea, etc.). For just in proportion as efficiency increases, just in the same proportion, broadly speaking, wages and standards of living will advance. The three—efficiency, wages, cost of living—seem destined to go hand in hand, and this has certainly been the experience thus far. And whatever loss we may suffer by reason of Japan gradually supplanting us in certain cruder forms of production should be abundantly compensated for in the better market for our own higher-grade goods that we shall find among a people of increasing wealth and steadily advancing standards of living.

In any fair contest for the world's trade there seems little reason to fear any disastrous competition from the Japanese. Perhaps they have been allowed to make the contest unfair in Manchuria or else where, but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story.

The Mormon Revival of Polygamy

CURRENT LITERATURE observes that no less than five different magazines have taken it upon themselves to proclaim, in trumpet tones, that Mormonism is once more a burning issue, and that the federal government will soon be compelled to face the problems raised by the revival of polygamy in Utah. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, himself the son of one of the ablest and most sincere of all the Mormon leaders, declares in the first of a series of articles in *Everybody's Magazine*: "I propose to show that the leaders of the Mormon Church have broken their covenant with the nation. I undertake to expose and to demonstrate what I do believe to be one of the most direful consequences of treachery in the history of the United States." Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, in *McClure's Magazine*, brands the Mormon Church as "a great secret society existing very largely for criminal purposes." The Rev. Dr. S. E. Washard, in *The Missionary Review of the World*, says: "The Mormon system is utterly antagonistic to the institutions of our country. Hence there must be perpetual conflict." Mr.

Richard Barry, in *Pearson's Magazine*, says: "The lizard of polygamy now basks in the sun of steeplehood, not at all ashamed and very little afraid." Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, begins a series of articles entitled "The Viper on the Hearth" with the words: "The name of the viper is 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.' It lies coiled on the country's hearthstone, and asks only time to grow and collect a poison and a strength to strike."

Of the five exposures, that in *McClure's Magazine* is presented in the neatest and most compact form. Mr. Hendrick briefly reviews the history of the Mormon Church in America, and the events leading up to the admission of Utah into steeplehood. Deep ingrained in the whole history of Mormonism, he reminds us, has been the struggle to retain polygamous marriage. At one time the federal authorities sent more than a thousand polygamists to jail. Only twenty-three years ago, Congress confiscated the property of the Mormon Church on the ground that it was a treasonable and law-defying organization, and

proposed to disfranchise all Mormons. It was not until 1890 that the Church confessed itself beaten and allowed its President, Wilford Woodruff, to make his famous statement:

OFFICIAL DECLARATION.

To Whom It May Concern:

Press dispatches having been sent for political purposes from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized, and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June or during the past year; also that in public discourses the leaders of the church have taught, encouraged and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy;

I, therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby in the most solemn manner declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice; and I deny that either forty or any number of plural marriages have during that period been solemnized in our temples or in any other place in the Territory.

One case has been reported in which the parties alleged that the marriage was performed in the endowment house in Salt Lake City in the spring of 1889.

But I have not been able to learn who performed the ceremony. Whatever was done in the matter was without my knowledge. In consequence of this alleged occurrence the endowment house was, by my instructions, taken down without delay.

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

There is nothing in my teachings to the church, or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can be reasonably construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy, and when any elder of the church has used language which ap-

peared to convey any such teaching he has been promptly reproofed, and I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

On the strength of this declaration, Utah was granted the privilege of statehood; but the charge is now made, and is widely accepted as true, that the Mormons have never lived up to their agreement. "Even before 1901," says Mr. Hendrick, "polygamous households had been re-established on a considerable scale, and with the succession of Joseph F. Smith to the presidency of the Church the restoration of old conditions became practically open." The indictment proceeds:

"More than any of the prophet's successors has Mr. Smith brought back to the church the spirit of Brigham Young. He has not Brigham's ability or his capacity for leadership, but he has all of Brigham's fanaticism, all his aggressiveness, all his fiery devotion to the Mormon Church.

"In his eyes only one thing really counts, and that is Mormonism. 'From my youth up to the present,' he says, 'I have not believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet, for I have known that he was. In other words, my knowledge has superseded my belief.'

"In Mormonism the doctrine that is nearest President Joseph Smith's heart is unquestionably polygamy. Upon that subject he is an unyielding fanatic. 'Some people have supposed,' he said in a sermon preached July 7, 1878, 'that the doctrine of plural marriage was a sort of superfluity or non-essential to the salvation or exaltation of mankind. In other words, some of the saints have said, and believe, that a man with one wife, sealed to him by the authority of the priesthood for time and eternity, will receive an exaltation as great and glorious if he is faithful, as he possibly could with more than one. I want here to enter my solemn protest against this idea, for I know it is false. . . . I understand the law of celestial marriage to mean that every man in this church who has the ability to obey and practise it in righteousness, and will

not, shall be damned. I say I understand it to mean this and nothing less, and I testify in the name of Jesus that it does mean that. . . . The marriage of one woman to a man for time and eternity by the sealing power, according to the law of God, is a fulfillment of the celestial law of marriage in part—and is good so far as it goes. But this is only the beginning of the law, not the whole of it.'

"Mr. Smith has practised his own doctrine. His first marriage, that with Levira A. Smith in 1829, turned out unhappily.

He has married five wives besides this one—two of them sisters—and up to date has had forty-three children. It is not strange that, under the presidency of a man of this type, there should be a reversion of polygamy."

The "old polygamists," that is, those who were polygamously married before 1890, now make virtually no pretense, Mr. Hendrick avers, of living apart from their plural wives. "Every Mormon city and town has its fair quota. They are found everywhere—in high positions in the Church, in both houses of the State legislature, in important official positions in the gift of Utah," Mormon governors, it seems, have not hesitated to appoint polygamists, living openly in defiance of law, to positions of great honor and trust; and in Mormon educational institutions polygamists occupy high places. Nor is plural marriage confined to the older generation. "New plural marriages, by young men and women in their twenties and thirties, have been performed," Mr. Hendrick tells us:

"In fact there are many influences that make the allegiance of the younger generation stronger than that of the old. Their mothers and grandmothers had many early prejudices to overcome; polygamy ran counter to their whole religious and moral training; it was something new, strange, and essentially abhorrent. With the present generation, however, this institution appears quite in the normal order of things. They have been familiar with it from their earliest days. As small children, in the Sunday-school they have been taught the divinity of plural marriage; God himself, and Jesus Christ, have been constantly pictured to them as polygamists. Even the church has ostensibly given up the practice, it has never,

even ostensibly, abandoned its belief in the principle. It constantly upholds as models to its growing children men who, almost without exception, are or have been polygamists. As late as 1905 the Mormons used the public schools of Utah supported by public taxation for teaching the principles of Mormonism. Here, under Mormon public school teachers the children studied the lives of such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, John W. Taylor, George Tensdale—all polygamists.

"The church still openly teaches polygamy as orthodox Mormon doctrine. It derives its authority for the principle from the revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1843. This is the longest revelation in the 'Doctrine and Covenants,' the book which is the canonical theological work of the Mormon Church. In spite of the fact that the Church has officially given up polygamy, it has never taken the revelation out of this volume. On the other hand, it has never included in this work the Woodruff manifesto. There are many books of Mormon theology still circulated, and still purchasable at authorized Mormon book shops, which uphold in the strongest possible terms the doctrine of polygamy."

Two years ago, the Salt Lake Tribune began industriously to collect and publish the names of new polygamists. It has printed, up to date, detailed records of two hundred and twenty-four alleged polygamous marriages. The Mormon Church and the Mormon Church organ, the Deseret News, have remained silent in face of this accumulating evidence. The men and women whose names the Tribune has boldly printed have not attempted to secure legal redress. When Mr. Hendrick interviewed leaders of the Church, they in all cases bitterly denounced the Tribune and attributed its activities to a revengeful spirit; but not one questioned the substantial accuracy of its list of polygamists.

In view of this situation, the question inevitably arises: What should be done? Dr. Wishard replies: "Two things, with God's blessing, must furnish the final remedy for this un-Christian and un-American system. The gospel of Jesus Christ must be brought in love and power to the homes and hearts of

the people; and a constitutional amendment must be secured forever prohibiting polygamy in all the States and Territories of the Union."

Richard Barry pins his faith to the latter of two alternatives specified. "There is but one way now," he says, "to stamp out this new polygamy. That is for the federal government to act vigorously." Mr. Hendrick takes the same view:

"The misfortune of the Mormon Church, has always been that the chief article of its faith is a crime under the statutes of all Christian countries. It is simply a great secret society existing very largely for criminal purposes. That the great majority of its members, especially the women are entirely sincere and conscientious does not alter this fundamental fact. And there is only one way in which the American people can control the situation. In the old days, when Utah was a Territory, Congress could pass anti-polygamy laws and the Federal government could send its officers into Utah to enforce

them. It cannot do this now, because Utah is a State, and the States, under our system of government, have exclusive jurisdiction over the marriage relation. The only way in which the American people can reach polygamy is for them to pass a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to legislate against it. With such an amendment, the Federal government could again send its officers into Utah and the other Mormon communities and punish the offenders. If this amendment is adopted one of two things will happen: either the Mormon Church will abandon polygamy, not only ostensibly, but actually, or it will migrate bodily into some other country—probably Mexico. Many observers believe that the Church has established its colonies in the latter country because it has foreseen that the day will inevitably come when it will have to leave the United States.

"But the Church is not prepared to make this radical change yet. All its energies are, therefore, devoted to the stifling of a constitutional amendment."

Pack Your Trunk and Go

"MY friends, the world lies wide before you. North, south, east, west, the strange lands beckon and call. Can't you hear them—the hensons slurring through London mud, the roar of the boulevards, the chugging of the stern-wheel river boat, the shrill summons of the maezin from his minaret, the tinkle of anklets, and the boom of temple bells? Have you no wish to pack your trunk and go?"

E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S., is always an interesting writer, and the contribution in *Everybody's Magazine*, of which the foregoing is the opening paragraph is in his best style. He goes on to say:

Means and health permitting, it is good for every man to see some little of this globe on which we live and the strange folk who move about it. It is good to escape for a time from the house of bondage—be it office or shop or bank—and to go abroad with no more exacting master than personal inclination and with no more definite plan of travel than has the

horse, escaped from pasture, upon the countryside.

Have you ever stopped to think that there are things more important than the amassing of money; that there is a larger education than is to be found in class rooms or between the covers of books; that the world which lies beyond our little horizons can provide entertainments as amusing and more worth while than motoring or golf or bridge; that to taste of real adventure or of true romance—which, after all, are the seasonings that relieve the monotony of life's daily padding—you must look beyond the dollar-twenty novel and the orchestra chair? Each of us, when all is said and done, has but one life to live—so why not make the most of that life; but one earth to spend it upon—so why not see and enjoy that earth?

To those who would travel, and can't, I lift my hat in silent sympathy, with the hope that the years to come may bring them better fortune. But for those who

are abundantly able to travel and won't—for those who, with education at their very doors, refuse to bestir themselves, frankly admitting that they prefer the comforts of their clubs, their card tables, and their cars to the annoyances of foreign travel—for these I have but scant regard. Somewhere between these extremes is the great middle class—fairly well-to-do folk, many of whom own a horse or small motor car, most of whom keep one or more servants, and very few of whom hesitate about going to the theatre when the spirit moves them, or to the seashore or mountains for their summer's vacation. The real reason why these people don't travel is that their lives have run so long in the same track that it is almost impossible to get them out of the rut they have made. But suggest this to them, and instantly you will be silenced under an avalanche of protestations.

"I don't go abroad because I can't afford it," says one, with a pathetic pout, and he cranks up his two-thousand-dollar motor car. Says another, "I can't spare the time," or, "I wouldn't dare to leave my business," but the next summer you go fishing with him in Maine or read that he has won the amateur golf championship of the Adirondacks. "No, sir!" exclaims a third, "you don't catch me going to foreign parts; I'm too fond of the comforts of home."

Wealth, I answer, is not imperative for travel. Last summer a Boston gentleman and his wife went to Europe on an experimental trip of eighty days, visiting more than thirty interesting cities in five great countries, at a total cost of \$315 each or \$3.94 apiece per day. This included every actual necessary expense, steamer passage both ways (they had a fine, promenade deck, two-berth stateroom or one of the slower boats of a well-known line), railway fares, board, street car, carriage hire, all tips, admission fees, lunches, fruit, laundry, guidebooks; practically everything, in fact, which could properly be included. "It was third-class railway travel and simple pensions, of course," the gentleman in question writes, "but I wish to be perfectly frank in saying that we lived, on the whole, just a trifle better and more comfortably, averaging the whole trip than we do at home, and at home we do not practice self-denial to an extent which

requires the official attention of the authorities."

Your time may be limited, but if you can spare six weeks and six hundred dollars you can go around the world. If it is business which hinders, you need not be out of touch with it for a single hour, by night or by day, by sea or by land. Does not the wireless flash and splutter from every masthead? Do not the slim cables slip out to sea beneath the waters of every port? May not one step into a closet and talk a thousand miles? And you do not go, you say, because you fear for your comfort? Why, man, you can play golf over an eighteen-hole course in Uganda; the Rumson Road is no whit pleasanter for motoring than the splendid highway which leads from Cairo to the Pyramids; on the railroads of Russian Central Asia you can have a drawing-room with electric lights and running water for the price of a Pullman section here at home; when you wish a servant in the hotels of India you do not have to ring—see it beside you when you clap your hands; there is a hostelry in Berlin where you dine in mid-winter, overlooking a garden of red geraniums, and where it is as much as the liftmen's places are worth to keep a guest waiting even a single second for an elevator. Money, time, business, comfort—none of them is an insuperable obstacle in the path of him who really wants to go.

Nothing is farther from my intention than to imply that Americans do not travel. The fact which I am trying to drive home is that a very great many more people could and should travel than do. Though there are many millions of us who remain at home for reasons having to do with babies, business, bank books, or bread and butter, there are many, many thousands for whom there has come to be a call, an irresistible fascination in the very whistle of a train, in the rumble of wheels upon the track, in the thunder of the waves that go swirling aft along the rails, in the very sense of locomotion, of going somewhere, somehow. A decade ago it was the English globe-trotter's kit-bag and portmanteau that one saw on every steamship wharf and railway platform; from Southampton around to Shanghai; to-day it is the suit case and steamer trunk of the traveling American.

Though it may be that with many of us travel means but an escape from the commonplace, I like to think, rather, that it is a throwback to those Boone and Crockett ancestors of ours who plodded westward and ever westward that they might see with their own eyes what lay beyond the ranges.

Once get us out of our grooves, and we are the easiest of all peoples to induce to get our feet on the long trails which lead from Oshkosh and Snelmonish and Pawtucket and Kalamazoo to Miramar, Barbizon, Bellagio, Granada—where you will. Put a picture, in colors, of Lake Lucerne, with the snow-capped Alps looming up in the distance, before the cashier of a bank in the Middle West. Tell him he can get there in ten days, for less than a hundred dollars, and the chances are that within a week he will begin to ask questions about rates and pensions and a dozen other things of which he had only the vaguest ideas a few days before. A week later he has bought a Baedeker, ordered a steamer trunk, and paid twenty-five dollars deposit on his ticket. It is in some such fashion as this that we, the most practical of all peoples, are fast blossoming into a nation of travelers.

I never appreciated, myself, how many of us have become infected with the contagion of travel until, one day last spring, I stood on the end of a Hoboken pier and waved bon voyage to some friends who were sailing for Europe on one of the fastest and most luxurious of the transatlantic liners. The gang plank was drawn in, the last cable had been thrown off, and slowly and silently the big boat slipped out into the channel. She was white with fluttering handkerchiefs; perhaps there were eight hundred cabin passengers aboard her.

"Powell," remarked a friend who stood beside me, "there's a million dollars of American money aboard that ship that's lost to this country for good and all. Figure it out for yourself: say eight hundred people in the first cabin with drafts or letters of credit averaging a thousand dollars apiece—and mighty little of it will they bring back—to say nothing of second-cabin passengers and the amount spent in passage money. Why, man, it's appalling!"

Two piers south another "grayhound," with every berth occupied, was getting under way. Three others had already sailed that morning, and four more would depart before the day was done. In all, five thousand people were due to leave New York that day. And New York, though the largest is by no means the only port from which passengers sail at regular intervals for Europe. But just stop and think what that means to American education and American culture—five thousand of our people sailing for Europe from one port in a single day!

The number of Americans who visited Europe last year reached the amazing total of three hundred thousand. Reckoning that they left abroad or with the steamship companies an average of \$700 apiece—nearly a very moderate estimate—it will be seen that this country parted with the enormous amount of \$210,000,000. The business of entertaining the traveler—especially the American traveler, has become a leading industry in many countries. An American, making his way through an impoverished section of Ireland, inquired of a native, "What do the people round here live on, Pat?" "Pigs in the winter, sorr," was the answer, "and tourists in the summer." Now that answer had in it the germ of much economic truth, for if "th' cold sod" is sustained by summer travelers, so, in far greater proportion, are Switzerland, Italy, and France. Do you appreciate, my friends, that *Switzerland's income from tourists is greater than that from all her exports put together*? Did you know that the toll which Italy collects from her visitors is equal to the value of all her exports from January to May? Can you hazard even a guess as to France's annual income from the traveler? As far back as 1907 it was \$600,000,000, and it is estimated that in the year just passed it approximated *three quarters of a billion dollars*.

I don't like figures, and you probably don't either, but it seems worthy of note that last year our traveling countrywomen left eight millions of dollars with Parisian dressmakers (I beg your pardon, *modistes*), and a million and a half with rue de la Paix and rue St. Honoré milliners, not to mention another two millions or so spent in the same gay city for trifling mementoes alone. For fun and jew-

elry Mr. and Mrs. American Tourist probably left forty million dollars in Europe last year. All of which indicates not only the American love of travel but the American extravagance.

Europeans are astonished, to put it mildly, at the senseless prodigality with which a certain class of traveling Americans spends money. This reckless spirit in matters financial has done more than anything else, indeed, to confirm foreigners in their belief that U. S. is derived from \$, and does more than any one thing to make European travel unnecessarily expensive for Americans of moderate tastes and means.

Not only is the excessive liberality of money-burdened Americans in wretched taste, but it has unquestionably lowered the standard of European commercial morality and exaggerated the venality of foreign shop and inn keepers. But it was not until I saw a young son of American aristocracy throwing his unused five-franc bills from the steamer at Genoa to the scrambling, fighting rabble on the quay below, that I fully understood what incalculable damage such exhibitions of vulgarity do to the self-respect of both traveling Americans and the peoples whom they visit. Only then did I appreciate the crying necessity for a proclamation which, by the orders of the Governor-General, has been posted conspicuously in every train, tourist steamer, and hotel in the Sudan. It reads as follows:

Travelers, while in the Sudan, are particularly requested to refrain from gaining an easy reputation for generosity by giving money to children, beggars, and other persons who have not earned it. At present the population of the Sudan has not been demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving, but it will not require much of this to make the demand "Bakshish" as important and annoying to travelers as in Egypt itself, and to cause a considerable number of natives to forsake the paths of honest industry for the unwholesome existence of preying upon others. His Excellency the Governor-General trusts that all travelers will consider this as a personal request from himself.

I have switched rather abruptly, as I perfectly well realize, from the main track of my article; but I have no apologies to make. For I wish to emphasize the fact

that these exhibitions of vulgarity and ostentation must not be taken as criteria of the expenditures which would have to be made by the same and economically-minded American who wants to travel abroad. On the contrary, I am inclined to think the true reason for the rapidly rising tide of American travel Europeward is that our people are beginning to learn that it is cheaper to travel abroad than at home. In other words, you can get to Europe cheaper than you can get to equally distant points in our own country, and you can live considerably cheaper, if you are so minded, after you get there. Berth and meals included, it costs about \$125 to get from New York to the Pacific Coast, and it takes considerable skirmishing to find, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, or Santa Barbara, the kind of hotels at which the average pleasure seeker wishes to stop, for less than three dollars a day. Against this, there are many steamship lines which will convey one from New York to any one of a dozen European ports, with first-class accommodation and meals, for from \$60 to \$75. And in Europe one can be exceedingly comfortable at hotels which, if not ultra-fashionable, certainly correspond to our three-dollar-a-day houses, for \$1.50 to \$2 a day.

Here, then, is the condition which confronts the American railroad official and hotel-keeper: it costs less, considerably less, to get to, and live in, England or France or Germany or Switzerland or Italy than it does to visit California or Washington or Oregon. Therein you have the real explanation of the popularity of Europe. *It costs less*. It is not a case of the New York Central competing with the Pennsylvania, or the Santa Fé with the Union Pacific, but of the railroads of the United States competing with the transatlantic steamship lines for the patronage of hundreds of thousands who are going *somewhere*. Until these who are responsible for the direction of our railroads and the management of our hotels are willing to admit this unpleasant truth, and to treat the American tourist as a valuable customer to whom concessions should be made, instead of as a victim who should be browbeaten and fleeced, just so long will those three hundred thousand Americans, and many more besides,

continue to spend their two hundred-odd millions of good American dollars on the other side of the pond.

Even in the raw, new nations of the antipodes the comfort and pocketbook of the traveler are better cared for than in this highly civilized America of ours. In Australia and New Zealand travel is looked upon by the governments as a form of education and is treated as such. Everything connected with it—coast, lake and river steamers, railway lines, hotels, restaurants, natural wonders of every kind—are under the supervision of the Ministry of Travel. Throughout these far lands the government acts as conductor, tourist agent, chaperon, and protector to the lone traveler. Magnificently equipped official information bureaus are maintained by the government in the chief cities, while throughout the land an army of licensed and educated guides stands ready to show the man from home or from abroad something at first hand of the resources of the country.

The dining-car services of the Australian and New Zealand railways, as well as the restaurants en route, are under government supervision, the name of the caterer and the prices which he is permitted to charge for food being printed and conspicuously displayed in each railway carriage and station. A meal of five courses may be had for fifty cents, and even the price of an extra glass of milk is regulated by law. If the caterer fails to keep his table up to the standard which the government requires, an official of the Ministry of Travel steps in and, by practical experiments, decides just what prices should be asked for a specified meal—allowing, of course, a fair profit to the caterer—and the readjustment is made. But at all times the comfort and pocketbook of the man who travels are considered first. The government's policy in feeding its travelers is much the same as that pursued by Fred Harvey, the caterer who made the old-time restaurants along the Santa Fé route famous. Harvey was once asked to what he attributed his remarkable success.

"To cutting my pies into four portions instead of six," replied Harvey. "Overfed a man and he is more likely to come again than if you give him barely enough."

Nor have the Australian and New Zealand governments confined their efforts to

caring for the traveler's inner man. New roads have been cut, opening up places of interest, to which government-owned motor cars carry sightseers at rates no higher than the ordinary stagecoach fare; government launches have been placed on the mountain lakes and government guides in the forests along every trail; government baths have been erected at the hot springs, and at the government bureau tourist maps may be had for the asking; definite and reliable information is supplied regarding routes, roads, and hotel charges, and trips are planned down to the last detail to meet the requirements of all purses. Going even farther in their paternal care of the traveler, the governments are now building their own hotels, opening their own seaside resorts, and conducting week-end excursions at prices within the reach of all. Those who hold the reins of power in the great antipodean commonwealths feel that the state should extend to the traveler the same assistance and protection that it does to the student.

In no country in Europe is travel so expensive as in our own. The Belgian railway fares are the cheapest in the world. For \$2.25, for example, one can obtain a ticket entitling him to travel wherever he pleases, night and day if he desires, over the kingdom's 2,530 miles of railway, for a period of five days. A similar ticket for a period of fifteen days costs \$4.70, while for an expenditure of twenty-five cents a day it is possible to travel as much as one pleases for a whole year. In Switzerland, owing to the increased cost of railway maintenance in a mountainous country, these season tickets, or general abonnements, as they are called, are slightly higher, \$6.75 being charged for the privilege of traveling at will over the railways of the Confederation for a fortnight. In Germany, Austria, and Holland, by means of the *wandervue* tickets, the traveler can map out a circular tour to suit himself and procure transportation for the entire journey at about two-thirds of the regular fare.

The railway fares of Russia are figured not by miles but by zones, which vary in length from twenty-five to seventy verstas each, though for each zone, irrespective of length, the charge is the same—first-class twenty-five cents, second-class fifteen

cents, and third-class ten cents. By this system the government hopes to encourage travel among the people, the tariff becoming cheaper the farther they go. The journey of 5,260 miles between Moscow and Vladivostok, for example, costs only \$120, including sleeping-car, as compared with the \$100 charged for transportation and sleeping-car over the 3,380 miles between New York and San Francisco. The Trans-Siberian system, it is well to remember, is without competition, has but a single line of rails, and is maintained, owing to the sparsely inhabited nature of the country, at enormous expense; while in the United States there are half a dozen great transcontinental systems, a competition which ought to lead to a material reduction of fares, although it has not yet done so.

The Russians, I might add, understand the art of comfortable railway traveling quite as well as we do, if not better, the carriages used on their express trains and their buffets being models of their kind. As the Russian railway gauge is wider than that of the other European systems (presumably from fear of German or Austrian aggression) and their carriages correspondingly larger, the first-class passenger on the longer journeys is able to obtain for himself a cabin about the size of one of our Pullman state-rooms, furnished with a bed which is converted into a sofa by day, an armchair, an electric table-lamp, and hot and cold running water—sufficient comforts, surely, for the most exacting of travelers.

Any one who objects to being awakened at least four times every night had, however, much better stay away from Russia, as the railway police, for reasons best known to themselves, seize on the most ungodly hours for the examination of passports. At one in the morning, perhaps, the door of your compartment will be unlocked from the outside and, without so much as by-your-leave, a police official, the train conductor, the guard, the local station master, and two gendarmes, every one belted, booted, flat-capped, and with a revolver the size of a small cannon strapped outside his greatcoat, come filing in, startling you awake by flashing their dark lanterns in your

eyes. Line for line, you are compared with the description on your passport; you are asked a number of impertinent and wholly irrelevant questions in guttural German or indifferent French; your tickets are examined with the same minute care that a cashier bestows on a questionable bank note; and with a last suspicious glance at you and your belongings, your nocturnal visitors file out as silently as they came in, and you are left to your interrupted sleep—until the next large station is reached, when the entire performance is repeated.

But if the Russians annoy you by night, they feed you well by day; in fact, I know of no country where you get much good food, and so much of it, for your money. Russia, as you perhaps know, is the home of the chafing-dish, and in every railway restaurant you will find a long and shining row of them—twenty, thirty, even forty, perhaps—set out on a spool counter. It is not necessary to speak Russian to order a meal, for all that you have to do is to walk down the line, lifting the cover of each chafing-dish until you come to something which appeals to your sense of sight or smell. A motion to the white-capped waiter, and a plate of the chosen dish is set before you, together with the accompanying vegetables, a glass of salted and altogether delicious tea, and a small bottle of harsh Caucasian wine—all for 50 cents. Only once have I experienced any difficulty in ordering a Russian meal, and that was when I asked for some butter in a railway restaurant in Astrakhan. In four languages I asked for it, and each time the stolid Tartar waiter uncomprehendingly shook his head. Then I seized a piece of bread and with a knife went through the motions of spreading. Instantly I was nodded in understanding and disappeared. After ten minutes he returned, bearing in triumph a plaster heaped with sliced bread, each slice spread thick with caviare. "Well," thought I consolingly, "caviare is doubtless as cheap in Astrakhan as butter is in America, and I might as well enjoy it." But when I saw the bill I changed my mind: they charged me three dollars for it. I begrudge that three dollars still.

Properly and the wanderlust go hand in hand. The tide of travel rises with

national well-being and ebb again in lean times. The years since 1900 have witnessed more money-making throughout the world than any others in history. This same period has seen not only the development of tourist routes that had been merely pioneer paths, but a revolution in the speed of transoceanic steamships and of transcontinental trains. For always the cry is for speed, speed, and yet more speed. Many of us marked an epoch for ourselves when Jules Verne wrote "Around the World in Eighty Days." Perhaps it was not possible then to go round the world in eighty days; the book would have been less exciting if it had been. But in any event, it was nearly possible, and so eighty days has come to convey to us in more or less intelligible terms the size of the world. To-day, how many of you could say off-hand to what those eighty days have been reduced? By making use of the fastest trains and boats they can be cut in two as easily as a butcher halves a piece of meat, while, by making close connections, with trains and steamships running reasonably within their own best time, it is *entirely possible to encircle the globe in thirty-eight days*, and that in comfortable trains and ships, with every luxurious accompaniment of modern travel; not by the desperate expeditions of Phineas Fogg.

You are no true American unless you instantly ask how—and how much. There are several ocean greyhounds whose captains will undertake to land you at Cherbourg or Havre in less than six days and in ample time to make connections at Paris with the Nord Express, so that the evening of the eighth day should find you in the Gare de Kourak in Moscow, climbing into a wagon fit of the Trans-Siberian Express for your five-thousand-mile flight across Asia to the Japan Sea. With no unusual delays this portion of the journey should be accomplished in eleven days, which, after all, is at the rate of only twenty miles an hour. From Vladivostok a fast steamer will carry you across the narrow sea which separates Japan from the mainland of Asia, and a waiting train will whirl you across the island kingdom to Yokohama, where you should board a transpacific steamer before the close of the twenty-first day from Broadway. And the thirty-third day should find you disembarking at Van-

couver. From Vancouver to New York the magic carpet will be laid down in sooth, and with a mile after every glare of your locomotive's opened fire-door, the distance between the oceans will be covered in five days and you will have put a belt around the globe in the amazing space of eight-and-thirty days. Six hundred dollars will pay for all your tickets for this startling trip, first-class throughout, or, if you can content yourself with the less ornate comforts of second-class, that figure can be nearly cut in two. Add another hundred for meals and berths on the trains, tips, and incidentals, and you will have in dollars what it would cost you to shatter steel with fact.

Let it be plain, I do not recommend racing round the world in six weeks. Yet it is interesting to know that it can be done; and in the case of a busy man who cannot possibly get away for more than a few weeks and insists on seeing many countries, even hurriedly, there is something to be said for the rush around the world. To the newspaper reader distant parts of the earth can be little more than names and the chief actors upon those stages little more than shadows—until he has seen them. But let him once see them, if only for a few hours, and the picture will rise before his vision every time he reads of them for the rest of his life. He fits the facts into the frame and paints them in the right colors.

He has spent only a day or two in Berlin, perhaps, but when he reads of the spring review on the Tempelhof field he sees the coming and going of dashing officials and equestrians, the gleaming breast-plates and eagle-helmets and black horses of the *Garde du Corps*, even the stern set face and erect figure of the War Lord himself. He may have stayed only a few hours in Naples; but when he reads of an eruption of Vesuvius he again sees the grim and smoking mountain rising above the cobalt bay, he has scant difficulty in picturing the trailing clouds of dust and cinders and the highways choked with terror-stricken fugitives, and he realizes, as he never did before, what such a catastrophe means to the prosperity of southern Italy. His steamer may have touched just for a morning at Tangier, but when he reads at the breakfast table of the fighting in Mo-

rocco, he sees again, as on a moving-picture screen, the white-walled, flat-roofed houses and the narrow, silt-strewn streets; the laughing, fierce-faced tribesmen and the young French officers of the *chasseurs d'Afrique* in their light blue tunics riding insolently among them.

But whether we journey in our own land or abroad, whether we go to Maine or Manchuria, for a week-end or for a year, whether we travel storage or in a *cote de l'air*, let us travel—or wish to travel. I to whom the pages of the atlas bring neither memories nor ambitions like Sir Fopling Flutter, to whom every place outside of Hyde Park was the desert, or Sydney Smith, who held that a life lived out of London was a life mispent. Every day the world grows smaller. Turbine engines, oil-burning locomotives, aeroplanes, electric block-signals, the wireless—they are all playing a marvelous part in linking up and lighting up the dark corners of the earth. The fact that one can go round the world in six weeks does not mean so much thirty-eight days, as it means that civilization has progressed, and that, thanks to the new inventions and the hundredfold increased efficiency they have given to us, we can now reach Dié Dahan or Ammanmarro or Nagri Sembilan as quickly, and much more easily, than the New Yorker of sixty years ago could reach San Francisco or Vienna or Puget Sound.

Why the whole wide world, my friends, is being opened up for your benefit and pleasure. Until Roosevelt went a-shooting, most of you were probably quite unaware that Uganda could be reached by rail, and that, seated comfortably on the cowcatcher of the locomotive, you could see all the animals of the menagerie and the ark in their native haunts beside the track. Did you know, I wonder, that a

tourist agency advertises hotel-coupons for a hotelery at Nalroli, and that excursion boats run regularly to Ujiji, where, within the memory of most of us, Stanley, emerging from the jungle into a clearing with nude native huts, lifted his helmet at sight of a gaunt, fever-stricken man and said, "Doctor Livingstone, I believe?" Timbuctoo has been a familiar name to you all your life, though your ideas may have been very vague as to where it was; but you might be glad to know that you can go there now, if you please, two thousand miles up the Senegal and down the Niger, by boat and train, and under the protection of the French flag all the way.

From Cape Town the great Cape-to-Cairo trunk line has been pushed twenty-five hundred miles northward, and only the other day crossed the Congo border to a point where it will eventually link up with the Uganda system and so on to the railways of the Sudan, so that in a few years more the traveler who first of sitting on the terrace at Shepherd's can get into a train in Cairo and a fortnight later find himself sitting on the verandah of the Mount Nelson in Cape Town. The traveler who would go from Argentina to Chile need no longer brave the rigors of a carriage journey over the Andes or a voyage around the Horn, for the railway has just been opened between Valparaiso and Buenos Aires and you can go from tide-water in steam-heated and electric-lighted trains. In Russian Central Asia you can see Bokhara and Samarkand and then, sent from your window, and in Arabia the Holy Railway has been pushed southward and ever southward until its engines are whistling under the walls of Mecca itself. The distant lands are calling, calling, and he who would become a good, able, broad-minded, and healthy citizen should pack his trunk and GO.

The Face — and Genius

MOST articles dealing with the various ways in which character is indicated are based on guess-work, and are unscientifically written. Charles Kaseel, however, has written an article which appears in *The Popular Science*

Monthly, and which, we believe, is worth reading. In it he treats of the facial features and how the characters of the great men of history "matched" their faces.

The feature of countenance which strikes the observer, says Mr. Kaseel, is

the eye—the "lamp of the body" as it is called in the New Testament, but more fully, perhaps, the "lamp of the soul," for in very truth the eyes are the lighted portals to man's inner nature. The most noteworthy circumstance which our data offer is the very large predominance of blue, grey and bluish-grey eyes among percentages of distinction. Thus, of seventy-six eminent men whose biographies afforded the information, twenty-five appear to have had blue eyes, seventeen grey and thirteen bluish-grey, making a total of fifty-five. Boasting eyes of blue—the color-symbol of goodness, according to the mystics—were Samuel Adams (dark blue), Matthew Arnold, Charles XII. of Sweden (dark blue), Longfellow, Stephen A. Douglas (dark blue), Eugene Field, Stonewall Jackson ("as a child, blue-eyed"), Charles George Gordon (pale blue), Patrick Henry, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Andrew Jackson, Charles Godfrey Leland, Washington Irving (given as grey by some biographers), Washington Alston, James Monroe (blue, approaching grey), Napoleon ("steel blue"), John Ruskin, Savonarola (dark blue), Wm. H. Seward, Shelley, Chas. Sumner ("deep blue"), General Thomas, Grieg, Weber. Among grey eyes—"deep and sly" if we are to heed an old proverb—we have Michael Angelo ("light eyes"), Browning, Caesar (variously given as dark grey and black), Carnegie, Coleridge (described by other authorities as light hazel), Columbus (light grey), Sir Thomas More, Wm. Hazlitt, Bees (pale eyes), Washington Irving (dark grey, but, according to others, blue), Thomas Jefferson ("grey flecked with hazel"), Milton (dark grey), Francis Parkman, S. S. Prentiss (dark grey), Robespierre ("pale greenish grey"), Tolstoi, Tennyson (this according to Caroline Fox, but, according to Carlyle, hazel). As representing a blend or play of both colors we have the names of George William Curtis, Charles Darwin, Frederick the Great, U. S. Grant (according to some biographers "dark grey"), Walter Savage Landor, Sidney Lanier, Napoleon (given by others as steel blue), Longfellow (given by other authorities as blue), Theodore Parker, Rossetti (between hazel and blue-grey), Thoreau, George Washington, Whitman. It will have been

noted that the same name appears occasionally in two of these lists. This is owing to a conflict between biographers and the same circumstance will explain a like duplication in future lists.

The brown-eyed men among the celebrities of history were Captain Cook, Goethe (dark brown), Keats (hazel brown), Charles Lamb, R. L. Stevenson, Bayard Taylor (dark brown), William the Silent and Chopin. The eyes of Rufus Choate, Alexander Hamilton, Fielding, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Beethoven and John G. Whittier are described as "dark." Whittier's being described by most biographers as black. Hazel-eyed were S. T. Coleridge (given variously as hazel and grey), Faragut, Albert Gallatin, Hobbes Keats (hazel brown), Walter Pater (light hazel, almost grey green), Southey (dark eyes, in youth light hazel), Tennyson (grey, according to Caroline Fox). Black eyes gleamed, according to biographers, from the brows of Caesar by others, however, spoken of as dark grey), Leigh Hunt, Paul Jones, John Marshall, Peter the Great, George Ripley, Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier.

With Agassiz, Pater the Great, R. L. Stevenson and George Washington, the eyes were set well apart, but, precisely the reverse was true in the case of Robespierre. The eyes of Browning, Charlesmagne, Coleridge, G. W. Curtis, Eugene Field, N. Hawthorne, Paul Jones, Napoleon, Peter the Great, Shelley and Tennyson were large—betokening, according to the "Encyclopedia of Superstitions," a faculty for talking and "for the use of effective language"; whereas those of Captain Cook, Patrick Henry, Bees, John Marshall, Tolstoi, Whitman, Chopin, Beethoven and Michael Angelo were small. As possessed of deep-set eyes—surrounded in the majority of instances by high arching eyebrows—we have the names of George W. Curtis, Darwin, Stephen A. Douglas, Eugene Field, Fielding, Gladstone, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Hazlitt, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Paul Jones, Landor, Thoreau, Tolstoi, George Washington, Daniel Webster and Whitman. A profound power of observation appears to link with these names—an impression made more marked by shaggy eyebrows in the case of Curtis, Darwin,

Douglas, Jackson, Tolstoi and Whitman.

Next after the eyes, perhaps, the feature of the countenance which impresses the beholder is the formation of the jaw. Even before the lines of the mouth this aspect of the face engages attention. By no mere coincidence, doubtless, does a powerful jaw—the emblem of indomitable will—form the distinguishing marks of such physiognomies as those of Carnegie, Stonewall Jackson, Frederick the Great, Chinese Gordon, Grant, Alexander Hamilton, W. S. Landor, Walter Pater, George Washington, Arthur Sullivan and Schumann, nor does it seem without significance that in the case of Robespierre "an insufficient development of the jaw" is noticeable, and that in the case of Michael Angelo the "lower part of the face was much smaller than the upper." Quite suggestive, moreover, of something primitive, akin perhaps to ferocity, are the high cheek bones of the great navigators Columbus, Captain Cook and Faragut, on the one hand, and Robespierre and Daniel Webster on the other.

The lines of the mouth we never neglect. We naturally scrutinize the lips for impressions of power or weakness, coldness or affection, sensuality or delicacy. Our data here are less full than could be wished. We have no means of trying by the testimony of biography the delusive we feel for lips that are excessively full or which, when smiling, turn upward at the corners, nor can we verify the impression of extreme narrowness, and obtuseness which we gain from feminine lips that are thin and bloodless and drawn downward at the end. We seem, however, to discern a marked austerity in the meagre lips of Rufus Choate, Faragut, Stonewall Jackson, Frederick the Great, Bees, Robespierre, Thaddeus Stevens ("thin upper lip"), U. S. Grant and Paul Jones, whereas in the simpler labia of Coleridge, Cromwell ("strict yet copious"—Carlyle), Nathaniel Hawthorne (full under lip), Oliver Wendell Holmes (protruding under lip), Julian (full lower lip), Peter the Great, Savonarola (full under lip), Beethoven (protruding under lip) and Schubert we might suspect a proneness to self-indulgence. The long upper lip of Landor gives a suggestion of assertiveness and tenacity which seems unmistakable.

Quite disappointing are our data with reference to the chin. That feature would seem entitled to greater weight in any estimate of character than biography appears to warrant. Thus, the chin of long, square, shovel-like structure always drives in upon us a vague shrinking, as from something fanatical, and so a thin and pointed or receding chin carries a suggestion of weakness which moves our pity or contempt; yet such inferences seem unjustified when applied to the distinguished individuals of history, though even our scant data are not without a testimony to general characteristics of disposition as associated with set types of chin.

The chin of Oliver Wendell Holmes, as we find, was decidedly retreating, that of Hawthorne is pronounced "weak"; Defoe and Robespierre had sharp chins, while that of Fielding is described as "unusually long," that of Napoleon "projecting," and that of Parkman as "of unusual prominence." As round or full—a contour pleasing to the eye—we have those of Captain Cook, Charles XII. of Sweden, Eugene Field, Washington Irving, Sidney Smith and Thoreau, which last is described as "strong."

The nose we seem instinctively to look upon as a decisive index to character. We never think highly of the character or capacity of persons with small pinched noses. Pug noses, moreover, we associate with pertness, and long, pointed noses with inquisitiveness. So, the hawk-nose, to most observers, is a sign of an aggressive, self-sufficient nature, not troubled overmuch with moral scruple. We never look for a placid temper among persons whose noses roughen easily into wrinkles, and in those whose noses wrap into long folds down the sides we expect evidences of a sordid make-up. Fine Greek noses, however, we take to be sure indications of good taste—large, shapely Roman noses as signs of solid character, inclining to generosity and capable of wise leadership. These characterizations, however, seem but dimly borne out by the pages of biography. Thus, as possessed of small noses, we find Stephen A. Douglas, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Jefferson, James Russell Lowell, Peter the Great, Robespierre, Bayard Taylor and Thackeray (that of Schubert is spoken of as "up-

turned" and was doubtless small), while the large nose finds representation in the case of Charles XII. of Sweden, Eugene Field, Albert Gallatin, Washington Irving, Rossetti, (large, descending nostrils), Thoreau ("huge"), Tolstoy ("broad"), George Washington ("long in proportion to his face"), William the Silent ("long with wide nostrils"), Beethoven ("rather broad"). The hawk-nose was a characteristic of the warriors Charles Magnus, Cromwell, Farragut and Frederick the Great, as also of Columbus ("aquiline"), Defoe, Fielding, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lamb, Lanier, Savonarola, Sidney Smith, Thaddeus Stevens, Bayard Taylor and Chopin. The straight nose is found in the cases of Captain Cook, Albert Gallatin ("long and prominent"), Alexander Hamilton ("long and rather sharp"), Washington Irving, Paul Jones, Julius Napoleon and Whitman.

Far more interesting and significant is our material with reference to the foreheads of great men—that popular test of intellect and capacity. Remarkable for high foreheads were Bunyan, Charlemagne, Charles XII. of Sweden, Darwin, Hadlitt, Patrick Henry, Hobbes, Leigh Hunt, Ibsen, Washington Irving, Andrew Jackson (high but narrow), Peter the Great, Robespierre, Walter Scott, Daniel Webster, Beethoven and Schubert. As "broad" we find the foreheads of Carnegie, Agassiz, Charles XII. of Sweden, Captain Cook, Stephen A. Douglas ("massive"), Nathaniel Hawthorne ("massive"), Washington Irving, Paul Jones, Keats (but not high), Lamb, Monroe, Robespierre, Rossetti, Savonarola, Walter Scott, Stevenson, Beethoven. The forehead of U. S. Grant is described as "square"—usually accepted as a proof of fearlessness—while those of Coleridge, Whitman and Michael Angelo are described as "overhanging."

The foreheads of Frederick the Great and Robespierre were receding, while those of Keats and John Marshall were low.

It is not without interest that among the physiognomies of the distinguished individuals whose biographies we have examined, we note as conspicuously absent the "prognathous jaw" and "long, projecting and voluminous ears," which, according to Ellis, are characteristic of the criminal class, and which, it may be observed, are likewise tokens of recurrence to the primitive human type; nor in our studies of the nose have we met the peculiarities of that organ which make up what Ellis calls the "typical thief's nose." An occasional mark of the lesser criminal, such as the receding forehead and retreating chin, make their appearance in our data, and those signs of power in the homicide—the prominent jaw and cheek bones, hawk nose and thin lips—are not without place in the faces of great heroic characters, but with a single exception we find no example of the "cold, fixed and glassy eye" which, according to Lombroso, betokens the murderer. That exception, it is needless to say, is Robespierre, and it is no mean commentary upon the value of such studies as we have been pursuing that the face of Robespierre presented as strange a compound as his soul—that with the signs of strength afforded by the capacious forehead and firmly compressed lips there mingled so many features which the specialists in criminology accept as indications of criminality. His head, we learn, was small, brow retreating, nose diminutive and quite without an arch, jaw insufficiently developed, cheek bones high, eyes set close and in hue a "pale, greenish grey," shadowed by eyelids which trembled spasmodically.

The Most Unpopular Playwright

AMONG the giants of Scandinavian drama, says *Current Literature*, August Strindberg, their last survivor, is the most solitary of playwrights. Both Ibsen and Bjornson were brooding

Norwegians; but while they lived Strindberg seemed less like a lone figure. While he was not their friend, they at least were men of his own intellectual stature. Although Strindberg was born twenty years

later than the other two dramatists, his most important play date from the same period as theirs. Strindberg was not a follower of Ibsen, but his greatest opponent. If Ibsen spells the liberation of woman from conventional shackles, Strindberg's work is anti-feminine to the core. Like Nietzsche, he admires the Superman, but has no place for the Superwoman. We need not therefore be surprised that Mr. Ashley Dukes, a brilliant young British critic, speaks of him as "the least popular of the moderns." In a century marked by the growing power of woman, Strindberg scornfully asserts his virile if brutal doctrine. "If thou goest to woman, for get not the whip," declares the Zarathustra of Nietzsche. The dramatic works of August Strindberg are largely an elaboration of this same dogma.

When "A Doll's House" appeared, Strindberg attacked the play violently, not from the standpoint of the Philistine critic who regarded it as an onslaught upon marriage, but from that of the philosopher who saw in it the first signs of the rise of feminism and the degradation of man. Strindberg claimed that Ibsen demanded altogether too much of Helmer and too little of Nora. The heroine of the Ibsen play, Mr. Ashley remarks in *The New Age* (London), seemed to him a puppet for the author's sentimental propaganda. He would have none of Ibsen's women:

"Hedda Gabler was for him simply a public nuisance, a candidate for the whipping post; Hilda Wangel an upstart minx, born to drive men mad; Rebecca West a petticoated prig. In short, he rejected the whole theory of emancipation for women and ordered them back to the kitchen. This leaning towards the side of the man is seen in all of Strindberg's writings. It is shown most clearly in such plays as 'Creditors,' 'The Father,' 'Comrades' and 'The Dance of Death,' where the man (in Strindberg's view the creative force, and the only force of real value in statesmanship, science or art) is in each case hampered by marriage or association with a woman of intellect. If the man's will is weaker than the woman's she robs him day by day of power as a vessel sucks the blood of a rabbit, until he is ruined. If his will is the stronger, there comes a moment in which he forces her to her knees in subjection, and henceforth (since the

Strindberg women love power above all else in the world) she is his loyal slave. The former case is the motive of most of Strindberg's tragic dramas; the second, of his comedies."

Strindberg's attitude toward woman is strongly reflected in "Comrades," a play originally written for the Theatre Libre in Paris. Axel Alberg and his wife, two Swedish painters living in Paris, have each submitted a picture to the *Salon*. "You are jealous of me," Berta remarks. "You would hate my picture to be accepted."

Axel denies this. "But," Berta continues, "would it delight you if I were accepted, and you were not?"

"It would annoy me," he answers, "if only because I paint better than you do, and because—"

"You may as well say it at once," she sneers, "because I am a woman."

"I can't deny it," Axel admits. "I have a strange feeling at times that you women are intruders, forcing your way in and demanding the plunder for the battles we fought while you were still sitting by the fireside."

The news comes that the woman's picture has been accepted while the husband's has been refused. At once Berta adopts a patronizing tone and attempts to humiliate him.

Berta. And so you want to be revenged because you have been placed below me?

Axel. Nothing could place me below you. I stood high above you even when I painted your picture.

Berta. When you painted my picture! Say that again and I will strike you!

Axel. You, who despise brute force? Well, strike me if you will.

Berta. (Aiming a blow at him.) Do you think I cannot?

Axel. (Seizing both her wrists and holding them fast.) No, not that. (A pause.) Are you convinced now that I am physically the stronger, too? Bow down or I will break you!

Berta. Do you dare to strike a woman?

Axel. Why not? I know only one reason why I should forbear.

Berta. And that is—?

Axel. That you are not responsible for your actions.

Berta. Ah, let me go!
Axel. When you beg my forgiveness! Down upon your knees! (*He forces her down with one hand.*) Now look up to me from below! That is your place—the place you yourself have chosen!

Berta. Axel! I don't know you any longer! Are you the man who swore to love me, to help me?

Axel. Yes. I was strong then, but you clipped my strength away, while my tired head lay in your lap. You stole away my power as I slept, and yet enough remains to crush you. Stand up! Enough of this squabble.

Berta. (*Falls upon the sofa and weeps.*)

Axel. Why are you weeping?
Berta. I don't know. Perhaps because I am weak.

Axel. You see! I was the strength. When I took back what was my own, there was nothing left for you. You were like a rubber ball that I blew out; when I threw you aside you collapsed.

In the next act the picture arrives but it is Berta's, not Axel's. Axel playing the "good comrade" had changed the numbers in order to give her picture a better chance. Now Berta is willing to end the quarrel, but he has had enough of comradeship. Henceforth, he says, he will have his comrades at the café, but only a wife at home. Here like this, Mr. Dukes goes on to say, have gained Strindberg the reputation of a "brutalist." He is full of pity, however, though uncomprehending in his intellectual attitude. His characters are not the deterministic muskets of the modern realist drama, but virile creatures, gods and fighting men, with wills of their own. "They are not content to live, but they must criticize life."

"These characters have often been called unskilled and extreme, and so, indeed, they are, if we accept the commonplace as natural, and find truth in modernism. Strindberg possesses none of these capacity for dramatizing, and at the same

time humanizing, the bourgeoisie. He is the most intolerant of artist-philosophers, and his method of dealing with stupidity is cavalier enough. He ignores it. A historian of two thousand years hence, finding no record of this age but Strindberg's plays, might be pardoned for assuming that it was peopled almost exclusively by painters, poets, sculptors, journalists and authors of both sexes; all of them persons with very bad manners and very sharp wits."

Of all living dramatists, Strindberg, the writer assures us, strives highest. His failings are the failings of the craftsman unable to set so prodigious a scene convincingly upon the stage. Moreover, the characters of his plays must fight not only their own battles, but also those of their author. He shifts his ground constantly, grooving from play to play. From the verse drama he passed to modern naturalism, from Swedenborgian mysticism he again passed to historical drama, and again through dream plays and legends to modern chamber plays and lyrical fantasies. "Miss Julia," a naturalistic tragedy, is considered his masterpiece. His audience is, of necessity, small. He rears the world in petticoats, but he is almost comically alone in all schemes of existence. His plays are not for the many, nor, Mr. Dukes insists, are they for what are termed "the cultured few." Strindberg loathes "the cultured" with an unutterable loathing, as long as their culture means no more than good manners, good taste, academic familiarity with literature, university education and a respect for the prevailing standards of religion and morality. They are Apollines; he is a Dionysian. He estranges the revolutionists by his contempt for politics, the feminists by his attitude towards women, the romanticists by his naturalism, and the realists by his mysticism. Only the philosophers remain, and he does not speak their language.

comment is made on this subject. The traveler who buys a man a cigar or a "drink" is "entertaining" his customer. The railway that gives a party of great journalists a free trip somewhere, is "entertaining." But this is still another phase. It is interesting.

In my clubs, begins the writer, they call me "The Gentleman of Leisure." My best friends say jokingly that I never work. But when I seem to be doing absolutely nothing I am often working the hardest. It is not a matter of compliment that my office is the first that the caller sees and that I have the title of "Vice-President."

I suppose that, as nearly as anything else, I might better be called "The Spirit of the House." Every big corporation to-day is crowded with able men who are overwhelmed with details, whose every moment is occupied with executive matters. They are the cog wheels of a vast machine, president, first vice-president, sales manager, manager of agencies, treasurer, and the like. There have to be these cogs. But these men have little time for anything outside of their routine.

The day has gone when the head of the house can meet and know the individual customer. The head is the centre of the innumerable cogs constituting the controlling mechanism that reaches out, perhaps, to the uttermost ends of the earth. He and every other big cog are too busy to think of individual orders and individual deals, important as they may be. An order coming into the modern large manufacturing establishment is fed into the great system and automatically handled.

I can remember as a lad when my father used to bring home his customers to dinner. It might disturb the domestic arrangements, it might mix up the social plans and engagements of my mother, it might be inconvenient in any one of a hundred ways, but it had to be. That was the way, then of keeping in close touch with the trade, and the customer looked forward to the attention and the entertainment. The head of the house had to be on terms of personal friendship with the men who gave him their orders.

Before all, men are human, the same to-day as they were twenty-five and fifty years ago. The biggest corporation, to

succeed, must have some sort of personal contact with its customers. Each customer considers his business a very important thing to the house he comes to. It is the small molecules that make up the great whole that holds the house together. Out of this need that the executive officers nowadays cannot meet, men like myself have evolved. We represent the spirit of the house, the tangible personality of the intangible corporation. Some of us are vice-presidents, some merely directors without title, some assistants to the president.

What I do—what we all do—is merely what our executive officers would do if they had the time. I never take an order. I am foot-free and detail-free. I have no specific work assigned to me, but I am busy on the average sixteen hours a day. That my services have a value you may see from the fact that my salary is twelve thousand dollars a year and I hold stock in the corporation. One or two of the men in my "line" get fifteen to twenty thousand. My desk is clear of papers, and to the customer that comes to our office I am a man with nothing to do.

Our company and our product are known in every corner of the world. The customer from the far west, from Central Europe, from Africa, or Japan, or a block away, when he steps into our main office, sees before him the very first thing a door with "Mr. Brown" on it. That is my name, and that door is always invitingly open. The room it leads into is my private office. To see anyone else, a caller must inquire of an attendant at a large desk. The president is several minutes' walk down long corridors. But anybody may step in and see me, he need not come in unannounced, to find that they belong there. The more people that come in and let me do big and little things for them the greater success I am.

Sentiment is one of the biggest factors in business to-day, loyalty and friendship are all-powerful. I know the company's customers, and my part of the business is to make them comfortable. It is worth the while of my house to have me spend my entire time on this, and think of nothing else. Into New York, where our main offices are, big buyers, frequently the heads of large firms themselves, and scientific experts of corporations whose

The Man Who Entertains

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EVERYTHING is used in business enterprise. Art is employed to advertise shoe-polish; psychology in writing advertisements, and little graces

even in collecting accounts. "Entertainment" is another "aid to business success" and in the following article which appeared in "System," much interesting

word means an order of perhaps tens of thousands of dollars, are constantly coming. They are not to be won over by gifts or "treats," or even indirectly bribed or cajoled. But there are innumerable little acts of friendliness and friendship that can be shown them. It is my "job" not only to hold all the house's old friends by putting them on a more intimate footing, but to make new friends. The man in my position who can do that the best is literally worth his weight in gold. For therein lay and frequent orders lie and a trade that no opponent can get away from you.

Understand, you must never do favors for a man with the direct idea of getting business from him. You must do it because he is a friend of the house, or you want him to be a friend. He must be on exactly the same basis, whether you happen to know he has a contract for about half a million of dollars that he wants to place, or whether he hasn't an order to give out. Some of our house's most loyal friends are very small buyers from us. But their friendship counts. That is something you can't buy. You can get it if you know how.

I remember one incident as well as if it happened yesterday, though it was really a year ago. It is as good a story as I can think of to prove what loyalty and friendship mean. One of our small customers had come into town, and he dropped in to see me that morning. He was not on a business trip, but out for a little rest and relaxation. In the course of our chat he casually mentioned his chief enthusiasm—coins.

Now it is necessary for me to know hundreds of men—well, I must remember whenever I meet, his speciality in life, his tastes, his personality. I must be where at any moment I can get at big men in every field of endeavor. As soon as my little manufacturer spoke of coins the big American authority on them flashed into my mind. I could get at him; through a friend I could approach him in a way that would make it a great pleasure on his part to oblige me. The mere mention of the specialist's name caused my visitor's eyes to light up.

My work for several hours was cut out for me. My visitor met the specialist; he had an hour's delightful conversation

with him. And he left with a letter of introduction to a noted collector in a western city through which he could easily pass—a man who, because of this letter, would receive him with open arms.

It was three days later when I heard something that pleased me greatly. A large order had come to us from out of mid-air, as it were, given by a man who had never bought from us. It seems like a fairy tale, the way it came about, but I am selling the absolute truth. The evening of the day I had put my small manufacturer in touch with the coin specialist he had met a friend at one of the hotels. The friend had a big contract for machinery to give out. "Go to —," my guest of the morning had said. "Don't deal with anyone else." He then told how I had been looking out for him during the day. He showed the letter of introduction signed by the great expert almost reverentially.

"Blessed to him, sir," said the man of the big contract as he sat in my office waiting for the final papers to be drawn up, "and I made up my mind that a house that would take all this trouble and thought for a friend was a house to tie up to."

The other day a mining prince from the far west, who had not been seen for fifteen years came into my office. I discovered in just two minutes that this man was enthusiastically interested in one of the minor religious sects of the city.

That was Friday. Without the big capitalist's ever suspecting how or why it was done I took him to the one church he wanted to visit on Sunday morning and in the afternoon I saw that he had the opportunity of meeting several of its leaders.

Perhaps that man was not grateful! As a matter of fact, the incident that seemed to come about so naturally and so fortunately has cemented him firmly with our concern. No rivals could get away his trade by any means.

A friend of mine with another house, who holds by his own personal skill a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business a year that opposition firms simply couldn't get away with crowbars, accidentally discovered at one time that a customer from Sweden, making his first trip to this country was

seriously interested in prehistoric South American civilization, and gave much of his leisure to its study. It took a mighty short time for this man to find out, through his private sources of information, that a lecture on that subject was being given uptown the next night by a distinguished scientist whose name the Swedish customer would be sure to know. The genial gentlemen whom the Swedish merchant had only heard of before by way of business proved to have friends who by great good fortune happened to be very well acquainted with the famous lecturer. Before the Swedish merchant left he and the scientist, whom it had been his lifelong ambition to meet, were the guests of honor at a little luncheon.

It is not a matter of spending money, though I won't deny that at times I spend a great deal and my power to draw on the company for funds is unlimited. It is the art of entering into the real life of each man I come into contact with, and pleasing him. Remember, no two men are alike. I must seem to each man I take around to be doing the one thing I enjoy. By a curious circumstance it is just what he is pleased with. I seem a wonderfully interesting, well-balanced fellow to him.

I have been at a scientific lecture with one of the house's friends one night, able to discuss some of the points intelligently, and a night later I and another man have dined like sycophants on Broadway, spent the early part of the evening at a horserace, and later have cruised over the town till four in the morning. I belong to clubs that suit any moods and men—from the severe, stately and dignified to the frankly jovial and "out for the best of good times."

Almost as often as I spend money I have it spent upon me. There is many a man I lunch or dine with, a visitor to my city who insists upon bearing his share. Sometimes he will pay it all. I have had many a man say, "I won't let you spend money on me," or "This is mine," in tones that showed he meant it. In such cases it would be bad policy to protest. A man like that thinks you are conferring an obligation upon him by giving your time and your knowledge, putting him in the way of enjoying himself. He would be hurt if you made a

point of paying. A shrewd man would very likely feel he was being "worked" for some purpose.

A "spirit of the house" like myself has to guard against that.

With this in mind I try more than anything else to avoid ostentation, never to show that I am spending money. If possible that thought must never come into one of our customer's minds. If I can, therefore, I do all the entertaining possible at one of the clubs to which I belong. Then my friend does not realize that I am spending. The art of all my work, indeed, lies in the visitor never quite realizing. He is having a delightful time—that is all he thinks about.

More than once I have paid twenty-five dollars for two theatre tickets—when a man, say, was sailing for Europe the next morning and had happened that day to express in my office the wish to see a certain famous piece for which not a seat was to be had. I have simply remarked nonchalantly, "Oh, I've friends up there; I can manage it, I guess," and have asked him to meet me at dinner. Channels have to be kept open for this sort of thing, of course, but it is always possible. I have frequently had some well known stage people at supper for a man that was curious to meet them—a meeting that seemed to be quite accidental after the play, and yet had been all carefully planned out.

Find—and you must think quickly—what your visitor would like best. Then give him that. He might be more pleased than anything else to meet a famous preacher, or to see some rare book. Perhaps the life of a great city interests him most. The one point is to get into close personal touch with the man himself, his desires just at that time. He never forgets it.

A little, oldish man and his oldish wife fell to my lot not long ago. They had never been in New York before. The husband was a loyal friend of ours. I knew I must show them some attention. But how? Metropolitan amusements as they are generally known, would, I saw quickly, not appeal to the old couple at all. Besides, the wife was nearly blind and very deaf. None the less she had to be included in any plans. Her husband would not leave her.

It was simpler than it seemed. I "discovered" a "friend of mine" had a beautiful touring car I could borrow for the day. (Never mind what the real arrangements were). They thought I "borrowed" it. It was one of the most perfect days of the early summer. From just before noon to seven o'clock I toured that man and wife through the most attractive of the suburbs and parks of the city. "Fortunately" I also "found" a congenial old gentleman and lady to go along with us.

I have never known anything that was a greater success. The little oldish wife had the "wonder time" of her life. It was the one thing she could really have enjoyed. At the end of the trip, without having said a word about it before, I stopped the car before one of the big up-town hotels, and took them all into a supper that I had thought out and ordered by telephone early in the day.

The little woman's delight pleased her husband beyond measure. He will never, I believe, get tired of sounding the praises of our house. One thing I was careful about the entire day, never to let the question of money come up in any way. It was so arranged that never once did my hand go to my purse.

The use you can be to a man at critical moments is not likely to be forgotten. Many a business man in New York has, at some time of his life, found one morning, that it was most important for him to sail on a crowded European steamer the next day. Every berth has been taken. But to a person like myself the impossible must not exist. I am paid to devise resources. That afternoon accommodations have been forthcoming. I have quietly said, "Oh, we'll fix that; we'll get your tickets for you." "But you can't; nothing's left; nothing's to be had for love or money." A "spirit of the house" who knows his field, whose business is the comfort of the company's friends, answers reassuringly—and his tone brings confidence to the disturbed man—"Just leave it to us."

It seems a gigantic task to that man; it is really a simple thing. A house like ours has a quiet influence in many quarters; we merely make use of it. In a case like this it is easy. Every ocean steamship has accommodation quietly held open for emergencies, and secretly.

It would be denied all except those that are in the "know." Does anyone suppose, for example, that if, at the very moment of sailing, J. Pierpont Morgan wanted to go on the most crowded ship a place could not be found for him? Others have influence, too. They make use of it judiciously.

Thus, in a hundred distinct ways, differing according to the personality of the man it wishes to please, a house can be of great service to any of its friends.

For one thing a man must give his entire time to it. My working hours are twice as long as most men's. Every night something calls me.

Except with business friends I never make an appointment a day ahead. I must always be in readiness, if the president calls me into his room (where he is weighted down with the cares of an emperor) and introduces me to someone saying, "Now, Mr. Brown, have you anything to do to-night? to answer, 'No sir, nothing at all.'" When people look in upon me I must always have "Nothing to do."

Above, I have spoken of my office opposite the entrance, with the door always on the jar. It is a big and comfortable room, with several extra desks, a large table and bookcase. An attractive, bright and obliging stenographer is there, and she is never too busy to take down letters for any of my visitors. The people who come in to see me are always made to feel at home. They do not know why, but there is something about the room that welcomes. The pleasant bustle of business, of things being done, of effective modern commercial organization is just outside. It stimulates but does not disturb. Every out-of-town man that comes in is asked to make this room his headquarters while he is in the city.

I have time for everybody. One of my prerogatives in the house is that I can summon anybody, even the president, if I think it best, ask anything of anyone. I do not need to say how much it means to any business man, large or small, to step into a big concern in a city not his own, or even his own city for that matter, and be greeted at once by a man who is a responsible head, not an underling. That sort of service is worth thousands to a great company.

Why Man of Today is only 50 per cent. Efficient

By

Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our

present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to

1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains

are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, same method—bathing. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *MacLean's Magazine*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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